

*The Tricks of the Town laid open:*

O R, A

# COMPANION

F O R

## Country Gentlemen.

Being the Substance of

### SEVENTEEN LETTERS

From a Gentleman at *London* to his Friend in the Country, to dissuade him from coming to Town.

- I. The Country Gentleman is caution'd against coming to *London*, and his Mistake shew'd with regard to his City Conversation.
- II. The Pleasures of a Country Life are vindicated, and asserted to be preferable to that of a Town one.
- III. The Country has the same Opportunities of improving our Knowledge as the Town.
- IV. A General Reflection on the Manners and Humours of the Town, with a Description of the present State of it
- V. A Dissuasive against Idleness, with the Character of a Sot.
- VI. The Characters of a BEAU and a GAMESTER.
- VII. The Humours, Customs and Tricks of the PLAYHOUSE, are discover'd and expos'd.
- VIII. A Continuation of the Humours of the PLAYHOUSE, with Observations on their Constitution, and Manner of Government.
- IX. The Humours, Tricks and Cheats of the TENNIS-COURTS are expos'd and detected.
- X. The Tricks and Cheats of

- BOWLING-GREENS are discover'd, with an Account of their Methods of Betting, &c.
- XI. The Humours of the GROOM-PORTERS, and the Cheats of Ordinaries, and other Gaming-Houses are expos'd.
- XII. The Tricks of COCKERS and COCK-MATCHES, and the Cheat of HORSE-RACES, and FOOT-MATCHES, are discover'd.
- XIII. The Villany of MONEY-DROPPERS is expos'd, and the Reguish Methods they take to impose on Countrymen.
- XIV. The Tricks of BAWDS and WHORES are detected, with a Description of a BAWDY-HOUSE and the Art of TRAPPING.
- XV. The Characters of a BULLY, SETTER and SPUNGER.
- XVI. Particular Observations and Reflections upon several distinct Occurrences of the Town.
- XVII. The Country Gentleman is directed in the Disposal of his Estate in his Absence, and in the Management of himself in *London*.

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The SECOND EDITION.

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L O N D O N :

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B  L





THE  
E P I S T L E  
TO THE  
R E A D E R.

*THE giving Advice and Reproof, has been always justly reputed one of the most exalted Acts of Friendship that can pass between Man and Man, but then they're so commonly mis-apply'd, or, what's as bad, misunderstood, that like a Shot ill-aim'd, they either mount too high and fly over, or descend too low and drop short, and so never come near the Mark they are first levell'd at.*

#### iv The EPISTLE to

*This is the common Fate in most Cases, but then, when they are intermixt too with an ungrateful Representation of Men and Things, they are still more difficult: So that in such a Case, 'tis next to an Impossibility to recommend them with any tolerable Advantage of Success.*

*As for this Poor Vade Mecum, 'tis so small and trivial in itself, that it can hardly justify even its Pretensions to an Epistle; but then considering what kind of Persons it is to Encounter, 'twill be necessary, I think, to premise a few Things to prevent Mis-constructions and Mistakes.*

*The General Design, I presume, I need not mention; the*  
Title

## the READER. v

*Title has done that before, i. e. that it is intended for, A Companion for Country Gentlemen and Strangers, first to discover and expose, and then to Guard and Fortify them against the Cheats, Vices and Follies of the Town.*

*That's the Design of it indeed, and how far 'twill answer that Design, must be left intirely to the Judgment of the Reader only, with this short Caution, that if he pleases he may do the Author this Justice, to consider that he's writing Letters; and then if his Characters and Representations are a little more abrupt and short than they might, or perhaps ought to be in other Cases; That's*

## vi The EPISTLE to

*That's a very good Plea and Excuse for them.*

*For the Persons and Things that are here expos'd and represented, I presume, that no Gentleman that has liv'd in London any considerable Time, but will allow them to be true in the main; and that furnishes me with an Answer to an unkind Reflection, which I perceive lies very ready to be past upon me, i. e. That a Man must consequently be a very vicious Person himself, that is qualified to give a general Description of the Cheats and Vices of a lewd Town; But why so I wonder, they may as well repute a Man to be a Good Christian, because he has gathered up some general Notions and*  
Text



## the READER. vii

*Texts of Scripture, which he makes no other Use of than to deceive the World, or prate over at a Tavern, or an Ale-House.*

*The Case is the very same, and truly, I can't conceive why a Person that has Eyes and Ears, and a little Understanding, can't have a cursory Knowledge of these Matters, without being any other ways concern'd than as an Observer; If some People's Intellects are not so good as others, who can help it? In short, this Reflection is so dull and ridiculous, that 'tis below an Answer. I'm confident, there's none but the very Cheats and Jilts, and such sort of Rabble will make any Use of it, and let them*  
e'n

viii The EPISTLE, &c.

*e'n take it and make their most on't.*

*Well, but that I may not incur My Lord Herbert's Censure, make my Porch too big for my House, Let it be but allow'd, that I have made any Advances towards the Destruction or Discovery of Vice, and but one tho' the shortest Step towards the Support and Defence of Virtue, which I suppose, few will be so hardy or unjust to deny, I have gain'd my Grand Point; and for the rest, I humbly submit it to the future Success of this small Country Gentleman's Companion.*

T H E



THE  
Country GENTLEMAN'S  
COMPANION, &c.



LETTER I.

*Wherein he first passionately cautions him  
against coming to Town; and then shews  
him his Mistake in expecting better Con-  
versation in London than he can have  
in the Country.*



IS but a few Days (dear Sir) since  
I received the surprizing News of  
your Resolutions, to exchange  
your Country for a City Life. I  
confess the Report at first startled  
me, and indeed I would not be-  
lieve it till I saw it solemnly con-  
firm'd under your own Hand. Well, I find, to  
my great Astonishment, 'tis really so, and the  
weighty Reasons you give for it, are, That you  
must have better Company, Diversion, and Edu-  
cation, than your own Country can afford you. But  
then, Sir, is there no Way but presently to Horse  
B and



and to *London*? Is there no room left for a second Thought? What, hath this *London* Expedition enhanced 'em all? Must your good old hospitable Seat, that for so many Generations hath been the Sanctuary of an honourable Family, be at last cruelly turn'd off and forsaken, and left empty and void, and sacrificed to the Vices and Folly, or at least to the Nonsense and Impertinence of a debauch'd City? For shame, consider a little, and don't let this wild Thought take too deep a Root; and then I'll engage to point you out a Method whereby you shall not only improve yourself with regard to your Company and Education, but withal enjoy the dear Opportunity of Liberty and Retirement, without being exposed to the Interruptions and Disappointments that must consequently await you in this scurvy Town.

But your Determinations are fix'd, it seems, and there's no removing 'em; to Town you will come, let the Consequence be what it will. Well then, since I can't dissuade you from this giddy and hazardous Adventure, I can however act the other Part of a Friend, and lay some honest Cautions and Admonitions before you, by the Assistance of which you'll be the better qualified to guard yourself against those Cheats and Villanies, which as a Gentleman and a Stranger, you are liable to be encountred with, before you can come to have any tolerable Knowledge or Idea of the Town.

But, First, you say, *That the main Thing that brings you to London, is for the Sake of good Conversation*: Let me tell you, Sir, I speak it from long Experience, you'll soon find yourself cheated in your Expectation. If it be good Company you want, you must e'en seek it somewhere else, here 'tis hard, or rather not at all to be found. You may form what chimerical Notions you please to yourself concerning the Men and Things of the Town.



Town; but, take the Word of your Friend for't, you'll quickly find your Mistake with a Witness. Alas! this Town is grown so monstrously corrupt and degenerate, and so strangely over-run with Vice and Folly, that there's little good to be expected from the Society you'll find in't. There are some few conversable Persons, I confess, Persons of Sense and Honesty; but then they are so very few, and withal so hard to be discern'd and come at, especially by a Stranger, that how you'll do to pick 'em out, I can't tell; for my own part, I solemnly declare to you, *That after twenty Years Experience, the Expence of my Money, and the irreparable Loss of my Time, I have but very few Persons in my whole Catalogue that I dare recommend to you, or can depend upon myself for Friends and Familiars.*

No, no, Sir, if you will come hither, you must take *Men* and *Things* as they are, and not expect to find 'em just as you'd have 'em. If you'll come here you must sometimes expect to be encountred with the Apes and Peacocks of the Town, those useless Creatures that we dignify and distinguish by the modish Titles of *Fops* and *Beaus*, and what's worse, be compelled to suffer your Ears to be bor'd through and grated with an empty, tedious Din of their dull Impertinencies; or else the squeamish Coxcombs look awry and scornfully upon you, and immediately repute you to be a *proud, ill-natur'd, unmannerly Country Fellow.*

Sometimes you must be forc'd to undergo *the peevish Wranglings of contentious Zealots*; at other Times be compell'd to ruffle with *the Insolence of Bullies and Sharpers*, or content yourself to submit to the *infamous Characters of a Coward*, and to be borne down, insulted and impos'd upon, as often as those *good natur'd Sparks* shall think fit either to make you their Property or Buffoon; nay, what

is still worse, you must be often forc'd to endure *the fulsom Steam of beastly Ribaldry, intermix'd, perhaps, with the horrid Sounds of Blasphemy and Profaneness*, or else the *Gentleman Moralist* (as he is pleased to call himself) presently hisseth you out of his Company as a *pragmatick Usurper upon the Freedom of common Conversation*. Sometimes you must be content to be cruciated with base and false Innuendo's, and sly and injurious Insinuations. Anon be plagu'd with the poisonous Breath of Backbiters, and the serpentine Hissings of Hypocrites and Tale-bearers. In short, in this beloved City, for the dear sake of which you seem so passionately resolv'd to quit your Retirement, your honest Country Friends and Acquaintance, and what you ought to value most of all, the Habitation of your Ancestors, you'll meet with so many exalted Villanies and Rogueries, and so many Cheats and Tricks of all Sorts and Sizes, that I know not where or how to direct you to begin to form your new Conversation.

Here you'll see some pretending Piety, to promote their own Ambition and Interest; others extolling Charity and Union, purely to advance Division and Revenge; and the Generality crying out and exclaiming for the Good of the Publick, that under that Veil they may conceal their treacherous and base Ends, and have a larger Opportunity to propagate their own Advantage and Designs: And these, together with innumerable Multitudes of Rogues and Whores, Pimps, Bawds, and Cheats, make up the grand Part of the Conversation of this Town.

Now, this is blessed Company (is it not?) for a Man of Sense to be so fond of, that for the sake of it he'll forego the two best Properties of his Life, *i. e.* his Liberty and Retirement, and leave his Estate at six's and sevens, or at best to the Management

nagement of a few heedless mercenary Servants, that 'tis ten to one, either through Avarice or Negligence, betray or deceive him. Come, Sir, I beseech you, consider again; look once more into the Nature of your Resolution: I protest to you, it seems to me to be a kind of hasty Folly exalted into Madness. What? Leave the endearing Sweets of a Country Life, for a little dull Noise and rude Jostlings and Confusion. To tell you my short Thoughts of the Matter, if this wild Motion holds, I'm afraid I shall find your Name in *Poor Robin's* Chronology the next New Year.

Believe me, Sir, the Country is so empty already, that a true *Englishman* cannot look into it, without a great deal of just Pity and Concern. Is it not a very ungrateful Spectacle, to see so many noble Houses mouldring into Ruin, and dropping down for want of Inhabitants? And then, to behold the prodigious Growth and Increase of this unweildy City, and to observe what a strange Multitude of People there is jumbled together in it? Who can reflect upon this, but must necessarily believe, that the Head in a little Time longer will grow so much too big for the Body, that it must consequently tumble down at last, and ruin the Whole? This is a Misfortune, which, I'm confident, would well become the Wisdom of the Nation to prevent; but 'tis foreign to my Design, and so I will not insist upon't: Besides, I have troubled you long enough, and perhaps too long, already; and therefore will trouble you with no more now, but pursue my Design from Post to Post, till I have either wean'd you from the vicious Inclination of coming to *London*; or at least detected, and exposed to you the Hazards and Follies that attend upon it.

LET-





## L E T T E R II.

*Wherein he briefly shews, That the Enjoyments and Diversions of a Country Life, are infinitely preferable to those in Town upon many Accounts.*

S I R,



N my former I briefly shew'd you what kind of Conversation you must expect when you come to *London*; and by the way, I would not have you suspect, that I have been any ways partial in my Relation, or that I intend to be so for the future. You may depend upon't, you'll find the Men and Things as I have reported 'em, and in some Cases worse. But let them be what they will, it seems you will come to Town; you're cloy'd with your honest Country Diversions, and so are resolv'd to come up hither in quest of new and more agreeable Pleasures, as well as better Society.

I must tell you, that this is a worse Notion than your former; I must own, indeed, there is some small Matter to be said in point of Conversation, for this of Pleasure there's nothing at all to be urg'd: 'Tis a Notion perfectly extravagant, and in the Judgment of all sober Men, stands condemn'd as a foolish ridiculous Argument; and so will you too for making use of it. We have some Sort of Antic-tricks used here, 'tis true, to deceive Men out of their Time and Money, which perhaps may



pass upon the foolish Part of the *World* and the *Mob*, under the Character of Pleasure ; but, alas ! when you come to take off the Vizard, and look into 'em in earnest, they are nothing else but pure Cheats and Delusions. He that will justify the Reasonableness of an *Adventure*, must be sure to prove the Prize at least to equal the Worth of what he hazards for it ; and when you can do this, I shall be of your Mind, and allow you have done very wisely, when you have exchange'd your Country for a City Life ; but then, in the *Interim*, I conjure you not to stir, till you have clear'd the Point. I'm afraid, Sir, to tell you my Thoughts, you have a wrong Notion of *Pleasure* in general, and falsely esteem that to be *Pleasure* and *Diversiō*, which in Truth is nothing else but *Vice* or *Folly*. I hope you don't imagine there's any real Pleasure in the *Debaucheries* or *May-games* of the Town, that's a dangerous Principle indeed ; and if you once suffer yourself to be imposed upon by't, you're in the ready Road to utter Ruin and Destruction. Perhaps you may expect mighty Matters from the *Playhouse* too ; why, indeed, that is the only Diversiō we have in Town, that can any ways pretend to a Singularity, or Exception from the Country ; but there too (tho' 'tis the best Way of passing away an idle Hour, as I know of) you'll be encountred with such a Variety of ridiculous Scenes and Actions, that in the Main you'll hardly find it worth your Trouble. There you'll find some clapping and stamping, others hissing and scoffing ; and perhaps both without any Reason : There you'll see some a Cock horse on the Seats, damning and confounding the Play and Players, they know not why or for what ; others throwing about their Wigs, and almost blinding you with their fulsome Powder, or tormenting you with the nauseous Scents of their Perfumes and Pulvilios ; others  
prating

prating with *Orange Wenches*, or bantering the *Whores*; and what's more probable, the *Whores* bantering of them. In short, there's such a strange Confusion and *Jargon* among'st 'em, and such a huddle of Men and Things jumbld together, that unless you can abstract the Good from the Bad, and withal draw Observations and Diversions from 'em both, I can't tell what kind of Pleasure or Satisfaction you can propose from thence. 'Tis the very same in all the rest of our pretended Diversions, *i. e.* Bowling-greens, Cock-pits, Tennis-courts, Ordinaries, Balls, Musick-Entertainments, &c. tho' the Recreations in themselves may most of 'em be innocent, and harmless enough; yet they are generally so vitiated and corrupted, and the Pleasure that they pretend to, is so interwoven with Danger, as well as Vexation of Spirit, that I defy the greatest Master of the Town to make it appear that there is not more Pain and Disappointment, than there is real Pleasure or Satisfaction, attending upon the best of 'em. I dare say, if you could be perswaded to make a fair Estimate, and compare the sickly, feeble Pleasures of this Town, with your own noble and manly Recreations, you'd find the latter turn the Scale, with a great deal of overweight. Ours are all but wretched Counterfeits and Impostures, and will hardly endure the Test of a Fruition. Indeed they may be something grateful to us at first, but after we have repeated 'em once, or twice, they grow flat and dull, and at last loathsome: We are here like so many Bees in a Garden, humming and roving about from one Flower to another, foolishly endeavouring to keep up our Course of Pleasure, by a continued Succession and Circle of Varieties. I'm confident, Sir, if you had made so many Trials of all this, as I have done, you would not suffer yourself to be imposed upon by the roving Dictates of a blind Imagination;

tion ; or run the foolish Risque of being perpetually tofs'd to and fro, in the Search of new Vanities, or else to be contented to endure the tiresome Scenes of the old repeated Impostures. 'Tis no matter for multiplying Words ; besides, I'm writing of Letters, which should be drawn into as narrow a Compass as may be ; or else there is enough to be said, to shew you that your Expectations from the Pleasures of the Town, are much bigger than your Enjoyments can be ; and that those in the Country are much preferable to them. Your Diversions in the Country, *i. e.* your Hawking, Hunting, Fishing, Fowling, and the like, are noble, manly, and generous, and do not cloy or satiate their Possessors ; but are still improving upon 'em, and are every Day growing more grateful, and delightful ; they are not spent or wasted by Fruition, as ours are, but still the more they're enjoy'd, the more they please and gratify the Enjoyers. Besides, you would do well to consider the Expence of the Pleasures of this Town : Yours are all free and open, and deriv'd to you, as it were, from the general Grant of *Nature* ; ours mercenary and base, and not to be come at, without a certain unavoidable Charge and Danger : Besides all this, all the Pleasures of this Town may be run through in the narrow Compass of two or three short Days, and when that's done, you do but run the same foolish Round, tread the same Stage over and over again ; and what can be more ungrateful to an ingenious Man, than to have his Senses perpetually grated and imposed upon by the dull Repetition of the same Thing ? But here I'll leave you ; but first I charge you, in the Name of a Friend, to take this Matter home again to yourself, and put it once more into the Balance, with your Reason and Judgment.





## L E T T E R III.

*Wherein is demonstrated that the Country has, in the general, the same Opportunity of Education as the Town; and in many Things a great deal more.*



IN my two former I gave you my hasty Thoughts concerning the Conversation and Pleasures of the Town. In this I intend to trouble you only with my Opinion concerning the Education you expect in it. Education, I confess, is a most precious and inestimable Treasure; a Mine that contains so many rich Veins, that no Persons can be poor, that are in Possession of it, unless they be such, whose Sloth and Idleness will not suffer them to dig out the Ore. But, Sir, as to your Point, the great Question is, what Kind of Education it is that you come to *London* to be improv'd in. You know I am sensible your Education has been hitherto very liberal and genteel, and that you're already a tolerable Master of most of the useful Qualifications, which are required in a Gentleman. But supposing you were not, and if that there were some other Rudiments, which you either wanted, or at least had a Desire to be better instructed in; why, I wonder, may not there be as good Opportunities to improve 'em in the Country, as in this Town. Indeed, if you have a Mind to learn to Fiddle or to Dance, and shew little *Apish Tricks*, or to be exact in the Rules of playing the Fool, or the Pe-

dant,



dant, here you may be equipp'd. I confess, if you have a Design to make yourself a good Proficient in the Arts of *Whoring* and *Drunkennes*, or to understand exactly the Methods of *Debauchery* and *Profaneness*, this is indeed the Place of the World.

But then, for the solid and substantial Parts of *Education*, such as are *Navigation*, *Architecture*, *Heraldry*, *Fortification*, *Limning*, and the like, I'm very confident, they may be acquir'd with far greater Freedom and Conveniency in the Country, than they can be at *London*; especially by a Gentleman of an Estate, that has it in his Power to chuse what kind of Tutors and Directors he pleases.

No, Sir, you must ev'n keep at Home, if you expect to improve your *Education*; there you may enjoy the precious Opportunities of Quiet and Sedateness, which you must not expect when you come hither: Here you must expect the quite contrary, to be encountred with Noise and Nonsense, and to have your Thoughts vitiated and disturbed with Wranglings, and Impertinence; which are the very Bane and Canker of *Study* and *Meditation*: But in the Country, all Things are generally still and calm; there you have few Cares to bend and torment your Mind, and fewer Dangers to fright or discompose you; there's no Hurryings and Scramblings, nor Jusslings, nor Countermining of one another; but all the busy Actors are innocently and industriously marching on in their proper Stations, and, as far almost as the *Human Nature* is capable of, hush'd into perfect Rest and Repose. And now, Sir, can you think of these Things, and at the same Time retain your giddy Resolution to quit 'em all, for the sake of a noisy paltry City.

I would not have you mistake me, I am not advising you to a sour philosophical Life, or shutting you up in a Cloister. I grant indeed, that the Flute and Violin, that Dancing, Singing, Fencing,

and the like, may be very proper and innocent Qualifications for a young Gentleman to pass away an idle Interval ; but then, I would not have him, like *Nero*, prefer his Fiddle to his Empire ; or, like *Domitian*, spend his whole Time in catching Flies. I confess, if he could use them as all Bubbles and Trifles ought to be used, play with them at his Leisure and then throw them by, there's no Harm in them, but they are rather an Accomplishment.

To make as short of the Matter as I can, there is but one Thing within the Compass of my Experience, in which this Town can any ways improve your Education beyond the Country, and that's a small Thing in point of Conversation. If you were so well weighed both in your Judgment and Principles, that you might be turned loose to take a short View of the Town without any Danger ; I mean, if you could run through the different Societies and Humours of it, without being infected or seduced by any of 'em, and withal, could extract from them too some good Morals and useful Observations ; why then, if you did make a *Winter Trip* to *London* for a Month or two, and stay no longer, then indeed there would be no great Matter of Harm or Hazard in it ; but to leave your Estate to the Management of Servants, and your House and Gardens to run into Ruin and Disorder, and to come up hither, and spend your Time and Money, purely under the Pretence of better Company, Diversion and Education, than your own Country can afford you, is such an unaccountable Mixture of Folly and Madness, that 'twill at once render you the *Pity*, *Scorn* and *Wonder* of all that know you. But here I'll leave you to retire into yourself, and to reflect in earnest upon the Nature and Consequence of what you are about.



## L E T T E R   I V .

*In which is a general Reflection upon the present State and Condition of the Town.*

S I R,



Having in our Conversation made some general Observations and Reflections upon *the Things which chiefly induce you to leave the Country, and come to Town*; and withal having briefly told you my Thoughts concerning the *Vanity of your Pretensions*, and in some Measure demonstrated to you, *That you either have, or at least might have as good Opportunity, both for Conversation, Pleasure, and Education, in the Country, as you can have in London.* I might have stopp'd there, and left the Acquittal that these have receiv'd at the Tribunal of Reason and common Experience, to have included all the rest: But, Sir, that will not thoroughly answer my present Design. I intend to expose the whole Town to you, as the *Spartans* of old were wont to do their drunken Helots to their Children, to wean them betimes from the vicious Inclination to Wine and Debauchery. I intend to lead you from one Seat of Action to another, and give you a short View of most of the *Dangers, Tricks, and Villanies* which, as a Gentleman and a Stranger, you will consequently be exposed to when you come to it. As to the Town itself, 'Tis a kind of large Forest of wild Beasts, where most of us range about at a Venture, and are equally Savage, and mutually destructive



*destructive one of another.* I wish 'twere possible to give you a *distant View* of the State and Manner of it. I'm confident the Spectacle (if you were not really bewitch'd) would be so horribly odious and ungrateful, that you'd have small lust to come at it, notwithstanding the Fury of your present Inclinations. The first Thing that you'd be encountered with would be the dismal Prospect of an *universal Poverty*, and *Crowds of miserable People*, either rack'd with the Agonies of their own Guilt or Folly, or groaning under the intolerable Want of Bread, or mad or infatuated by Oppression, or desperate by a too quick Sense of a continued Infelicity; here you'd see us all generally busied to trapan, undermine and deceive one another, which we are forc'd to do to make good our mistaken Pretence to a Life of Sensuality and Delight. If you cast your Eye upon the Court, you'd see but few there but Flatterers and Hypocrites, except it be some nauseous useles Creatures that are only fix'd there for Shew, and indeed are fit for nothing else. If you look into *Westminster Hall*, among the Lawyers, there you'll be entertain'd with little else but hideous Complaints for want of Money and Business, and find 'em all so sour and ill-natur'd, that you can hardly speak to any of 'em without endangering your Nose. Look among the religious Pretenders, and you'll see them in the very same Condition, all furiously hating, and uncharitably censuring one another, snapping, snarling, grinning and biting, and almost every Party wishing all the rest damn'd, but just those few that agree with them in their own Opinion and Judgment. Observe the Shops, and you'll see an universal Discontent and Melancholy hanging in the Faces of their respective Owners. You would see all these Things, and many other unpleasant, and tormenting Objects. And what sensible Man then would

not



not be mightily rejoyc'd and satisfy'd that his better Fortune hath remov'd him from hence, out of the Noise and Participation of all these Evils and Calamities, and be constantly alarm'd, afraid and disturb'd, that some cross and malicious Accident should force him hither?

Consider, I beseech you, what are the Advantages and Goods of this Town, that can give you any just Reason to be so fond of it; or what Evils in the Country that can render it so odious and obnoxious to you, and engage you to forsake it in such a *Hurry* and *Affright*. Suppose you were now at some convenient Stand, from whence you might take a full and deliberate View and Prospect of 'em both, and were just making a Pause to *survey* and *compare* them one with another; suppose, that having viewed over all the Comforts and Enjoyments of a *Country Life*, and the Blessings and Sweetness of *Retirement* and *Liberty*, you were now looking forward upon the Town, and that *all in a View* you saw the *strange Hurries and Impertinencies*, the *busy Scramblings and Underminings*; and, what is worse, the *monstrous Villanies, Cheats and Impostures* in it: Suppose, I say, that both these were in your View, *i. e.* the *Content, Happiness, and Quiet of the Country*, and the *Disturbance, Hazard and Noise of the City*; in such a Case I hope I need not direct you to make your Election. Well, the Case is the very same, and if *true innocent Delight and Diversion* be preferable to *Debauchery and Excess*: If *Liberty* be better than *Confinement*; if a wholesome open Air be better than contagious Smoke and Stink, and a quiet easy Life better than a Life of Noise, Vexation and Disappointment, why then the Country is better than the Town, and there is none but Madmen or Fools will venture to exchange the one for the other, and, *like the Dog in the Fable,*

*Fable*, relinquish their Substance to catch at such a perfect Shadow.

And now, Sir, who can sufficiently wonder at your Infatuation, that you should object against the Dismission of so treacherous a Thought, such a viperous Inclination, that certainly will gnaw and devour all *your true Happiness and Felicity*. This is a Pitch certainly beyond the common Degree of Folly; there must be some Enchantment, some powerful Philtrum in it, that can make you unhappy in love with any Thing so much *below yourself*; and, what's worse, *so very much deform'd, and a fild beside*. But I must not trouble you too long at a Time, and therefore, in short, if you will indeed render yourself a competent Judge, whether a *Country Life be a pleasant or dismal Thing*; enter upon it anew, and endeavour to improve and make the most of the Advantages of it, and then your own Experience will be your best and most authentic Informer.



L E T T E R



## LETTER V.

*Wherein is a general Diffwafive against Idlenefs; together with the Character of a Sot.*

S I R,



T were the Work of many Volumes rather than the Business of a few short Letters, to describe the distinct Advantages that are wrapp'd up in the *Comprehensive Felicity of a Country Life*; but it seems the utmost I can say in the Case is to no Purpose, your Determinations are unalterably fix'd for the Town, so that I won't give you or myself any more impertinent Trouble upon that Account, but rather turn the Current of my Discourse *another Way*; and first, tell you my *short and blunt Opinion of what it is that hath inclin'd you to this wild Resolution*, and then pursue the grand Part of my Design, *i. e.* to expose to you some of the most dangerous Cheats and Tricks of the Town, that, as a young Gentleman, and a Stranger, you are most liable to be catch'd and tra-pan'd by.

First then, to tell you my Thoughts in short, I'm afraid your chief Argument for leaving the Country will appear to be this, *viz.* That you have too much Time upon your Hands, and to be rid of it you will venture to hazard Yourself, your Estate, Health,

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*Health, Liberty, and Retirement*, and all for Company; nay, what's worse, take in the Assistance of toilsome and laborious Vice, and call it by the false Name of *Pleasure*, rather than be idle. And, what! could the Country afford you no Instruments for Relief in this Case? Had you no Books to divert you, nor no Opportunities to come at any? Was there no Gentleman of Parts and Learning that you might exchange and deal your Thoughts with? Had you no Gardens nor Walks, no Fishing nor Fowling; nor was there no other Diversion to be found out to deliver you from this intolerable State of Idleness? That's hard indeed. I'm confident *Leicestershire* did not use to be so barren; I have often heard your good old Father say, that you never wanted innocent Diversions there; and, that a Country Gentleman might make his Passage through Human Life *in that County*, with as much Ease and Satisfaction, as in any Part of the World beside; but the Scene is altered now, it seems; your Father was a dull, old phlegmatick Fellow, and only hugg'd himself in a little old-fashion'd Country Happiness, a little good, honest, down-right House-keeping, &c. All which, in these latter Days, are grown the Scorn and Aversion of our new-fashion'd Gentry.

Indeed, Sir, I must agree with you, that *Idleness is a very dangerous Thing, and the fertile Seminary of almost all other Vices*; but then I cannot grant that *London* is a proper Place to remove you out of the Reach of it. A Gentleman here is in the main a Creature that's compos'd of nothing but *Pleasure and Idleness*, that, like the *Leviathan in the Deep*, thinks he hath little else to do in the Town, but to take his Pastime in't. I'll give you a short Account how some of our true bred City

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*Gentlemen* manage their Time, and then leave you to make your own Inference.

In this Town we have *three distinct Sorts of idle Companions*, which may be properly differenced by the respective Titles of *Sots*, *Beaus*, and *Gamesters*; and perhaps it may not be much amiss if I trouble you with a short Character of each of 'em, as far as 'tis consistent with my present Design. At worst, 'twill either serve to divert or caution you; and if it does but one of 'em, I'm satisfied.

### *The Character of a Sot.*

**A** *SOT* is a kind of sluggish, filthy Animal, that by a continued Course of Lewdness and Debauchery, has intirely raz'd out the goodly Impression *Nature* at first made upon him; and is degenerated in the strictest Sense, from a Man to a Beast. He's distinguishable from the rest of his *Species*, both by his Smell, Garb, Shape, and Aspect; you may discern him by his dirty Hands and Face, his foul Linen, sore Eyes, stinking Breath, and twenty other Badges of his Character, which he constantly carries about him. His Method of Living is generally thus: About Twelve or One he commonly rises, and when he has carelessly hung on his Equipage, he steers his Course directly for the *Tavern*; and to quench the Flames of his last Night's Debauchery, calls first for a Cooler of *White-wine* and *Ale* mix'd together; and when he has taken a Swinge or two of that he sends for the Master of the House: *Faith*, says he (with a kind of Vanity) *I was damnable Drunk last Night, and my Stomach is a little uneasy this Morning; I think we had best try what a Quart of Hock for a Whet will do.* By that time this is drank, and perhaps another, and a Pipe or two of *Tobacco*

smoak'd into the Bargain, in comes the *Dinner*; if he can eat a Bit, so, but 'tis ten to one whether he can or not; however, he can drink as well as the best of them, and therefore sits down with them for Company. Here the half Flask must be call'd for in Course, and the good Mistress of the House's Health begun in a *Bumper*, with so many other endearing Healths, that 'tis ten to one but he's more than half Sea's over before the Cloth is remov'd. If he can get any Body to bear him Company, here he fixes till he's so thoroughly drunk, that a *Posse* of *Drawers* and *Porters* are forc'd to be call'd in to lug him into a Chair, or Coach, to carry him out of Harms-way, to his own Lodgings. But if he can prevail with no Body to do him the Favour to stay here, and be drunk with him, then in a sort of hazy Condition he blunders to the *Play-house* (the general Place of *Rendezvous*) where he sleeps, farts, and stinks for an Hour or two, and so returns perhaps to his former Vomit. The *Pit* know him well enough, and keep as far out of his reach as they can, especially the *Beaus*; for, if he chance to fall foul upon one of them, he certainly ruins him for that Voyage, or at least forces him, upon the ungrateful Inconveniency, to steer to the next *Barber's* Shop, to new-rig and mundify. Perhaps some antiquated *Whore*, that for Company sake can drink and smoke a Pipe, and be drunk as well as he, for want of a better Adventure, hails him to her, and lays him aboard; and if she can but once decoy him to a *Tavern*, she plies him so very warmly, that she soon makes him quite up, then dexterously picks his Pocket, and so leaves him. And this is the Way a great many of these sort of *Gentry* pass away their Lives, till an habitual Course of *Sottishness* and *Debauchery* hath either made them insensible, or thrown them into a *Fever*,

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or some other dangerous Distemper, which carries them off intirely ; or at least brings the *Gout, Stone, Gravel, Strangury*, or some such Thing, upon them, by which the whole Remainder of their Lives is render'd bitter and uncomfortable.

But, Sir, I remember the Caution you gave me in your last, *i. e.* to make my Letters as short as I could ; and so I'll defer the Character of the other Two idle Companions till my next.



L E T T E R



## L E T T E R VI.

*In which are the Characters of a Beau and a Gamester, together with some short Reflections upon Idleness in general.*

*The Character of a Beau.*

A *BEAU* is a Creature of a Nature so different and disagreeable to the former, that you'd hardly take him to be of the same *Species*, and his Time cut out to quite contrary Uses; some of it is spent in the idle Pursuit of Modes and Fashions, in contriving his Clothes, and putting them on with the most Advantage; another Part of his Time is consum'd in admiring himself, or projecting to be admir'd by others, and the rest in hearing of Flatteries, and reflecting and ruminating upon them. The first three Hours of every Day are constantly dedicated to the setting his *Wig* and *Cravat*, rolling his *Stockings*, redning his *Lips*, and painting his nauseous *Phiz*, and the like. When he thinks he has manag'd himself in the best Order as may be, perhaps he stalks majestically to the *Coffee House*, where he teazes somebody with an Hour's Impertinence, drinks his Dish of *Tea*, and is laugh'd at, and then, forsooth, he must have a Chair call'd, to carry him to a Lady, that (it may be) does him only the Honour, after all, to let him dine with her *Dogs* and her *Abigails*; or perhaps, if she be in

a very good Humour, and wants a little Sport, will admit him to the Favour to play a Game at *Cards* with her, till she has won his Money, and made him the common Buffoon to the Company, and then she dismisseth him with a Jest: From hence, perhaps, he marches to another, and tells her a thousand Stories, how kind my Lady ——— was to him, what a plentiful Dinner they had, and how earnestly she press'd him to stay longer with her; in short, 'tis ten to one but his Company soon grows ungrateful there too. Ladies don't often love such Fools, that are fit for nothing but to be stuck up in a Garden to fright the Birds from the Fruit, which they can eat none of themselves; and so to be rid of him, one of the Maids has the Sign given her to take him aside, and tell him that her Mistress expects Visitors, and his Company won't be convenient. From hence, it may be, he walks to the *Play House*, where his chief Business is to observe the Ladies in the Boxes, and to expose himself to 'em: When the Play is done he places himself at one of the Doors of the House, and stands ready to offer his Hand to help them severally into their Coaches; if there be ever a one that will take him home with her, well and good; if not, by the help of a Link, he picks his Way to the *Groom Porter's*, where he lolls about for another Hour or two, and then the Business of the Day is done with him. If there be any broken Intervals, which cannot be so well devoted to these set and solemn Fopperies, those are commonly glean'd up by some other little insignificant Trifles; so that the main of his whole Life is nothing else but one continued Scene of Folly and Impertinence.

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*The Character of a Gamester.*

**A** *GAMESTER* is a Sort of Composition of both these together, half *Sot*, half *Beau*; and in his Nature and Constitution, worse than either of them. Indeed, I want a Name for him; and if he be a profess'd *Gamester*, and has taken up the Trade purely for a Livelihood, he's no more fit to be admitted into the Society of Country Gentlemen, than a mad *Dog* is to be turn'd loose into a Kennel of *Beagles*; where, if he sets his venomous Teeth into any of 'em, they consequently run mad too, and so are fit for nothing but to be worm'd or hang'd; to prevent the Infection of the rest of the Company. These, forsooth, range the Town in the Garb, and under the Characters of Gentlemen; and indeed some of them are so originally, but then in their Practices they are not only a Reproach to their Family, but to their Title too. 'Tis a worthy Employment for a Gentleman, is it not? To make it his Business to find out young Heirs of much Wealth, and little Prudence, and to rook 'em at Play, or entangle 'em into Suretiship, or perhaps betray 'em into some mean and unequal Matches? This is their common Practice; and when they have hit of such a one, they seize upon him with as much Eagerness, and observe him with the same Joy, as a Vulture does the Fall of a Carcase. But I shall have other Opportunities to speak with them in their proper Places, and therefore I'll wave them now. As to the Gentlemen that use *Gaming*, as their ordinary Method to squander away their Time, their usual Custom is this: To spend their Morning at the *Tennis Court*, their Afternoon at the *Bowling Green*, their Evening at the *Play House*; from thence to their Mistresses;

strefs; from her to the *Groom Porter's*; from the *Groom Porter's* to the *Tavern*; and from thence, perhaps (if they don't commit some Outrages, that obliges the *Watch* to secure 'em from further Mischief) about four or five in the Morning they get drunk to Bed. In short, Sir, a *Gamester* is a Composition of almost all the Vices of the Town jumbld together; his ordinary *Dialect* is Swearing and Cursing, and his Occupation solely depends upon Lying, Falshood, and Perjury. His Life's a perfect *Lottery*, and a *Hazard Table*; to Day he's a *Squire*, and so proud and insolent, nobody can speak to him; To-morrow he's a *Beggar*, and as meek as a *Lamb*; and but lend him a *Guinea* to set him up, you may say or do what you will to him: To have done with him; his Time is so equally divided between Vice, Folly, and Impertinence, and commonly so taken up and forestall'd by his Designs and Projects, and which way to manage his Cheats and Adventures, or at least he's so harass'd and fatigu'd with his Losses and Disappointments, that his whole Thoughts, and that together, are lost in the hurry: And thus he lives an absolute Slave, and dies a perfect Wretch.

You see, Sir, how these sort of *Sparks* ply their time; and truly, most of your *Country Gentlemen*, that come to *London* purely to spend their Money, and to see Fashions, fall under one of these Denominations. Well, what can make Men, *Gentlemen* especially (that are distinguish'd by several extraordinary Advantages from the rest of their Kind) suffer themselves to be impos'd upon by these kind of Follies, I know not: *Idleness* is certainly the grand Cause, and according to that common Principle of Nature, they must be doing of Mischief, when they can find out no other Employ. But then, has *Virtue* lost her Prerogative? Is she grown in this last Age so old and deform'd, that she has

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quite lost all her Charms, and Endearments? No, no, my Friend; she's still the same, as charming and as beautiful as ever: the *World's* grown worse 'tis true, but *Virtue* never changes. If you would but actuate your own *Reason*, and disinchant yourself from this unlucky Resolution, you'd soon find she'd propose a Method to you, both to delight and direct you in your Country Life, a thousand times beyond any thing in the most gustful Sensualities, the City can pretend to.

To sum up all, there's a kind of Justice, that obliges a Gentleman to stay in the Country, and live upon his Estate; this he should do, not only for the Sake of Charity and Hospitality, but likewise upon the Account of his poor Neighbours and Tenants, to whose Sweat and Labour, a great Part of the Profits and Advantages of his Land is owing. They, I'm sure, should be encouraged, supported, and assisted; but how can that be, when the whole Profits must be sent up to support the Grandeur, Equipage, and Extravagance of a lewd Town? And 'tis some Odds too, whether the Annual Rents will do the Business, or no; 'tis very often seen that such kind of Luxuries and inconsiderate Methods of living, not only destroy the Crop, but the Soil likewise; prey upon the very Heart and Vitals of an Estate; and many have stay'd so long in Town, till they have had nothing left to retire into the Country. There's much to be said to prove this Town to be the Forge of *Vanity*, a Nursery of *Vice*, a Snare to the Young, a Curse to the Old, and a perpetual Spring of new Temptations. But, Sir, I've said enough already, to let you see my Sentiments of the Matter. My next Business shall be to discover and expose to you several of the most practick and common Humours and Tricks of it; some of which you'll certainly be encounter'd with almost upon your first Arrival.





## L E T T E R VII.

*In which the Humours and Tricks of the Playhouse are exposed.*

S I R,



AVING finish'd the first Part of my Design, and, as I said, expos'd the Town to you, as the *Spartans* were wont to do their Drunken Helots to their Children. I come now to the second Thing; *i. e.* first, to lay before you some of the Humours, Tricks and Cheats of it, which, as a young Gentleman and a Stranger, you are in most Danger of; and secondly, to give you some general Directions and Advice, *how you may best guard yourself against them.* And first, Sir, I will wait upon you to the Playhouse (for whether I'm confident your Inclinations or Curiosity, or both together, will soon lead you) and bear you Company according to the best of my Judgment, through the different Accidents and Adventures which, as a Stranger, you must expect to be encounter'd with as soon as you come there. In our Playhouses at *London*, besides an Upper-Gallery for Footmen, Coachmen, Mendicants, &c. we have three other different and distinct Classes; the first is called the *Boxes*, where there is one peculiar to the King and Royal Family, and the rest for the Persons of Quality, and for the Ladies and Gentle-

men of the highest Rank, unless some Fools that have more Wit than Money, or perhaps more Impudence than both, crowd in among them. The second is call'd the *Pit*, where sit the *Judges*, *Wits* and *Censurers*, or rather the *Censurers without either Wit or Judgment*. These are the *Bully-Judges*, that *damn and sink the Play at a venture*; 'tis no matter whether it be good or bad, but 'tis a *Play*, and *they are the Judges*, and so it must be *damn'd, curs'd, and censur'd* in Course; in common with these sit the *Squires*, *Sharppers*, *Beaus*, *Bullies* and *Whores*, and here and there an extravagant *Male* and *Female Cit*. The third is distinguished by the Title of the *Middle Gallery*, where the Citizens Wives and Daughters, together with the *Abigails*, *Serving-men*, *Journey-men* and *Apprentices* commonly take their Places; and now and then some desponding Mistresses and superannuated Poets; into one of these you must go, and truly considering your Circumstances, I think the *Pit* is the most proper. Well, when you come there, the Eyes of every Body are presently upon you, especially the Whores and Sharppers, who immediately give out the Word, to try if any Body knows you; and if they find you are a Stranger, then a Lady in a Mask, *alias Whore*, (which as they express it) is a good *Tongue-Pad*, is forthwith detach'd to go and sound you, and in the mean time a Cabal of Bullies and Sharppers are consulting which way you must be manag'd, and passing their Judgments upon you. The Lady comes up to you with a kind of formal Impudence, and fixes herself as near to you as she can, and then begins some loose and impertinent Prate, to draw you into Discourse with her. If she finds you a Man fit for their Turn, and a true Squire, with some sort of subtle and insinuating Civility, she leaves you a little, to go and  
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make her Report to her Friends and Allies, that are earnestly waiting to know the Success of her Negotiation, in another Part of the Pit; here some proper Measures are soon resolv'd upon, and she's dispatch'd to you again with new Instructions, and will be sure to stick to you till the End of the *Play*; and in all the Interludes be constantly chattering to you, to screw herself as far as possible into your Acquaintance and Familiarity. When the *Play's* over she certainly marches out with you, and by the Way, perhaps does you the Favour to let you have a Glimpse of her painted Face, &c. If she sees you take no Notice of her, and seem insensible of her Design, she comes to a close Parley with you, and must needs know which Way you go; be it which Way it will, her Way's the very same; and so to avoid the Trouble of calling another Coach, if you'll set her down, she'll give you a Cast another Night; 'tis ten to one but this is agreed to: And now she has got you by herself, she begins to cajole and flatter you, to commend some particular Part; your Shape, Mein, Carriage, Good-nature, and Civility; but above all, the Kindness in taking her into your Coach; in Consideration of which, if you'll do her the Favour to go Home with her to her Lodging, she'll do her best to make you Amends: When you come there, the first Part of the Entertainment is, with her own Character, and Circumstances, which she commonly makes use of, for an Introduction to enquire into yours; when she has fully equipp'd herself with your whole State and Condition, if she finds you are worth her Trouble, why then she's so much captivated with your genteel Deportment, free Disposition, and your even Temper and Conversation, that you must needs Dine with her Tomorrow, and thus the Train is laid that will effectually



fectually blow you up and ruin you inevitably, if you give her a second Opportunity to touch it with the fatal Coal. You are hardly gone out of her Room, but in comes the rest of the Confederacy, a Set of Bullies, Sharpers and Whores, and then the Tables are soon turn'd, and you that were but the last Moment one of the most accomplish'd Persons in the Universe, are now made the grand Laughing-stock for the Night; your Drefs must be anatomiz'd, your Mein and Dialect buffoon'd and ridicul'd, in short, they conclude you fit for nothing but a Cully, and that they resolve by some Means or other to make of you. But to return again to the *Playhouse*. If they find their Whore can do no good with you, then they try another Expedient, an ingenious Gentleman that's born Westward of *England* makes up to you, and he, forsooth, must know what Country-Man you are, or what's a Clock by your Watch? or what Part of the Town you lodge in, or where you Sup? These sort of Sparks are commonly well stock'd, I mean, with Confidence and Impertinence, and so don't stand much upon Forms and Ceremonies with you; but, *by his Soul, if you'll go along with him to the Tavern and drink an honest Gentleman's Health of your Country, which he either knows, or at least has heard his Name, he can carry you to a Glass of the best Wine in London*; his Business with you is of the same Nature with the former; if he can wheedle you thither, first to make you drunk, then to draw you into Gaming, and then by the Help of his false Dice, and other Tricks and Slights of Hand, the *only Arts that he is Master of* he soon gets your ready Money, takes your Note for more, by which Means he links you so fast to him, that without the greatest Caution, you are insensibly ruin'd before you can disentangle your

self. But if this don't pass upon you neither; why then comes a third, and his Business is to draw you into a Quarrel, or at least to try whether you will fight or not upon Occasion; and if you won't do that, they naturally conclude that a *Coward* and a *Cully* are convertible Terms, and so will be constantly teasing you till they have gained their Point. His Way of proceeding with you, is either to tread on your Toes, cough in your Face, ruffle, crowd or discompose you. But after all, if he finds you resent this Behaviour, and grow rough with him upon the Matter, he flies presently to his grand Reserve, begs your Pardon, and sneaks off. When neither of these can do your Business, then comes up a Forlorn Hope, a *worthy Old Matron*, deeply skill'd in the famous Science of Procuration, and she accosts you first with a Scripture Phrase or two perhaps; or if she finds that don't so well agree with your Palate (for some of your *Country Gentlemen* are not over-fond of Scripture neither) she changes her Dialect into *Bawdy*, and so with a little of one and t'other, and a Chuck under the Chin into the Bargain, she whispers you i'th' Ear, and tells you in plain Terms, *she perceives you are a young Country Gentleman, and if you have a Mind to have a Taste of the Town, she lives in Bow-Street, in Covent-Garden; and if you'll come and Sup with her, she can shew you three or four Couple of the choicest Strumpets (Ladies she calls 'em) about the Town.* You see, Sir, how naturally all these Beasts of Prey hunt a *Country Squire*, and if they can once blow him a little that he becomes obnoxious to the Herd, they seldom lose the Scent till they have set him up (as you Phrase it) *brought him to a Bay*, and then they soon pull him down and mangle him as they will; but here we'll leave him, and take Breath till the next Post.

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## L E T T E R VIII.

*Being a Continuation of the Humours of the Play-house, together with a few short Reflections upon their Government.*



ELL, Sir, to go on where I left off; If you can pass these Pikes, and come safe off from the *Whore*, the *Sharper*, the *Bully*, and the *Bawd*, which I hope you will do, by the Assistance of the Cautions I have given you; then you'll be a little at Liberty to look about you, and make your Observations. The *Stage* I must needs own, was originally ('till so many immoral Practices and Irregularities broke in upon it) of admirable Use and Design. 'Twas a kind of Looking-glass to the Nation, where a Man of Sense might form as true a Judgment of the Humours and Inclinations of the better Sort of the Kingdom, as in any part of the Town besides; how it came to lose so much of its Beauty and Ornament in these latter Years, is no great matter to our Purpose. If you will come there now, you must take it as Men do their Wives, for better, or worse; 'tis already in a State of Declension, and for my Part, I am not so much a Friend to the *Mob*, or the *Fanaticks* either, to give my Vote for its utter Extirpation. To go on then, if it be a new Play, the House is commonly very full, especially if



if the Author be a new One too ; upon such Occasions, every Body that has any Inclination for the *Play-house*, is willing to gratify his Itch with a Novelty.

Tho<sup>d</sup> indeed I must confess, when I look into the Plays that were writ formerly, and compare them with the Generality that have been writ here of late, in my poor Judgment, the *Plots* and *Characters*, (and what's more strange) the *Stile* too, is grown so profoundly dull and flat, that a Man must have a very good Appetite, that can digest such intolerable Trash, without a Surfeit. Well, let it be what it will, provided it be stamp'd with a new Name, and a strange Title, it certainly raises the *Mob*, calls together the *Whores* and *Bawds*, the *Squires*, *Beaus*, *Cits*, *Bullies*, &c. that come all crowding in Shoals, to hear what this wondrous new Man can say, or do, to please them. The third Day, if by the Help of a good *Prologue* and *Epilogue*, good *Acting*, good *Dancing*, and *Singing*, good *Scenes*, and the like, the sickly, half-got Brat can be kept alive so long, is commonly the grand Day ; then you may observe the general Humours of the *House*. In one Part of it you'll see the *Judges*, and the *Wits*, with Abundance of Hangers on, and *Interlopers*, censuring and mistaking the Sense, if there be any, for the Nonsense ; 'tis ten to one, if there be any Part above the rest, but some of these pretending Coxcombs unluckily pitch upon that, for their Subject to laugh at : The Reason of this is very plain, perhaps they may know a little of the *Merry Andrew* Parts, the dull *Jokes* and *Drolls*, which at best are but the Rubbish and Lumber of the *Play* ; but for the Flights and Extasies, and the shining Parts of it, those are utterly out of their Element ; and so consequently they are forc'd to damn and censure them in Course,

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because they don't understand them; the poor *Poet* must be confounded and maul'd, and what's worse, if there be e'er a *Fanatick* that sets up for a Judge, if there's but a few accidental Expressions, that don't exactly square with his Opinion, and Inclination, the whole *Play*, upon the Score of one single Character or Paragraph, must be esteem'd a *Satyr* against the Government, and have an *Embargo* laid upon it, and the poor Author be doom'd as an Enemy to the Publick, to be taken in Custody, and whipt, &c. This, within the Compass of my own Knowledge, has been the Fate of some of them; and indeed I have known one of the best *Tragedies* that ever was writ, stopt upon such a Pique. In another Part of the House sit the *Poet's* Friends, which are resolved to carry him off, right or wrong; 'tis no matter to them, whether the *Play* be well or ill done, they're engag'd either for Friendship, Interest, or else by a Natural Spirit of Contradiction, to oppose the other Faction; and those you'll observe straddling upon the Seats, hollowing, clapping, and flouncing, and making such an impertinent Clatter and Noise, and using so many insolent and indecent Actions, that I advise you as a Friend, to keep as far from them as you can. But, what's worse still, perhaps, in the very Nick of all, comes in a drunken Lord, with a Party of *Low Country* Warriours; or what's more common, a *Country Squire*, that has lately taken up the noble Profession of Scouring and Revelling; and to shew their Parts and their Courage, raise a Quarrel, and put the whole House into a Hurly-burly; then you'll see fine Work indeed; the *Whores* tumbling over the Seats, and the poor *Squires* and *Beaus* tumbling after 'em in a horrible Fright, and Disorder; the whole *Pit's* in Arms in

a Minute, and every Man's Sword drawn to defend himself; so that if the Uproar be not instantly suppress'd, 'tis great Odds but there's some body murder'd. These Insurrections, I confess, don't often happen, and 'tis well they do not; for if they should, they might ev'n play by themselves: for, who but a Madman would run the Risk of being stabb'd, or trod to Death, to gratify himself with an empty, insignificant Curiosity? And, indeed, most of our *Novel-Farces* have little else, but barely that to recommend them.

But, Sir, if after all you will still go to the *Play-house* (which I hope will be very seldom, never when you have any Business of Moment to divert you, or call you off otherways) why then, if you'll take a few short Instructions along with you, I'm confident, if they do you no Good, they can do you no Harm, at worst you will esteem them (I presume) a well-intended Impertinence, and that's the most pardonable Error of any Thing of that Kind. Well then, upon the former *Proviso*, that you have two or three loose Hours that are entirely upon your Hands, and you're resolv'd to make use of the *Play*, to fill up the idle Intervals; your best Way is to fix yourself in some advantageous Part of the Pit, where with the least Disturbance, and Interruption, you may not only observe the Actions and Behaviour of the Actors, but likewise hear every individual Part distinctly, by which Means you may be able to understand the Plot and Design of the *Play*, and to judge of the several Characters, and what they drive at; for unless you do this, the best *Play* that ever was writ, can seem nothing else but an empty Din of Words, and a Jumble of Things stuck together, without any manner of Order. 'Tis true, the



greatest Part of those that frequent the *Playhouse*, come thither upon a quite different Errand ; perhaps to see the passionate Love, or Hate of some great Queen or Lady, represented ; the Destruction of some Prince or Hero ; or the Rape of a Virgin ; or, what's more usual, to hear the Singing, and see the Dancing, to observe some of the little Drolling Humours and *Scenes*, and fine Cloaths of the *Players* : But, Sir, I hope you would not herd yourself among such a *Mob* as these ? If this be all you propose to yourself from the *Stage*, you may even save your Money, and march to *Moorfields*, where a *Mountebank* and his *Andrew*, will divert you as well. No, no, Sir ; the true Design of the *Stage*, is utterly foreign to this ; *i. e.* to expose and detect Rebellion and Faction, and Vice in general ; and to exalt and commend Loyalty, Honour and Virtue ; and truly, there's hardly a *Play* (if you take it right) that's acted at either of the Houses in *London*, but makes some kind of Advances towards one of these Ends. 'Tis true, *Players* like the Money of a Fool, as well as they do of a Man of Sense, and in some measure are as willing to please him with their Trifles and Baubles, as divert and instruct the other with their *Encomiums*, and *Satyrs* ; tho' by the way, I must tell them, they had best take Care that by their *Farces* and *Drolls*, and their *Jack-Pudding* Tricks, they don't at last pull their Houses upon their Heads ; but it seems they're above Advice, and so I won't go out of my Road, to trouble my Head with 'em ; 'tis well there's more Fools than Men of Sense, that are their Customers ; if there were not, for all their Huffing, their Shares might be soon drawn into a narrow Compass. Well, Sir, to have done with them, and the Subject too, if you please to observe

observe what I have told you, with this one Thing more, *i.e.* never to embark yourself upon any Pretence, or Account whatsoever, in any of the Quarrels, Humours, Intrigues, or Factions of the *Stage*, you may then pass away an Hour or two at the *Play-house*, once in a Month, but no oftener, without any great Matter of Hazard, and with some kind of Advantage.



L E T T E R



## L E T T E R IX.

*In which the Humours and Tricks of the Tennis Courts are exposed.*



TENNIS is one of the most manly and active Diversions we have in *England*; and heretofore was hardly used by any but the Young Nobility, and Gentlemen of the Chief Rank: King *Charles* the Second, was a great Master and Judge of it, and would very often divert himself with a Set or two in the *Royal Court* at the *Cock-pit*, with a great deal of Satisfaction.

This is a Game that depends purely upon Skill and Activity, and not to be acquired without considerable Expence, and Practice; upon which Account indeed it has had the Advantage of most of the rest, and Abundance of *Sharps* and *Cheats* have been kept out of it, for want of Money to pay the Charge of the Court, and other Expences that are consequent to it. But this, however harmless and inoffensive it was in its Original and Design, has of late incurred the same Fate with most of the Diversions of that Nature, and is strangely degenerated from a noble and genteel Exercise, into a perfect Trade for Rooks and Sharps, who perceiving it would necessarily be a good Foundation for them to get a base Livelihood by, have cunningly twisted themselves into the Knowledge and Perfection of it. As to the Game itself, a Person that has never seen it before can make but  
little



little on't, except it be any Curiosity or Diversion to him to see three or four Persons furiously running after a few little Balls, and laboriously bandying and tossing them about from one to another; if this were all 'twere well enough, but when he hears the Marker calling *Forty, Love, and a Chace*, and sees them changing their Sides, and hears the Players wrangling and swearing about the taking of *Bisks* and *Faults*, and talking of *Cuts* and *Twists*, and *Forces*, &c. he presently concludes there must be some wonderful Secret in all this; and so is resolved to satisfy himself a little further. If he gets into the *Dan*, among the Gentry that come there to bet, and has the Misfortune to ask any Questions, or declare his Ignorance, they presently give out the Word, That here's a Squire come; and then two or three of the sharpest of the Gang, come up with him presently, in order to give him some little Insight, and Directions into the Game, that they may prepare him against an Opportunity to take him in; here they tell him, 'tis all even and odd, a perfect *Lottery*, and that he may venture his Money on either Side, for 'tis all equal; and so indeed, in some Sets it is: For the Noblemen and Gentlemen, that are acquainted with the Game, and play it upon the Square, and more for the Reputation of good Gamesters, than for Interest, commonly make their Matches so very nicely, that the best *Sharper* and *Fudge* among 'em can hardly (before the Set's begun) tell which way to bet his Money; here, perhaps, he wins half a Piece, or a *Guinea*, which inclines him to believe that this must needs be a very fair Game, that a Stranger can get Money at it at first Sight; and truly, as long as this Match lasts, he's in no great Danger; but then against this is over, there's another Set ready to step into the Court, that will be sure to do his Business.

The

The Managers tell him 'tis all equal now too ; that Squire *A.* is a good Striker-out, but Squire *B.* is a better Back-hand ; that Mr. *C.* judges a Ball finely, but Mr. *D.* plays for a *Chace* much better than he ; so that upon the whole, they conclude it a very good Match, and that he'll see these Gentlemen will make better Play than the former ; here they offer him his Choice, or to throw Cross and Pile, which Side he'll take ; if he complies, and they have taken him in as far as the Thing will conveniently bear at once, then the Sign is made to the Players, that they may manage their Parts ; when this Set is over, which is commonly play'd with as much seeming Eagerness and Fury, and withal with the greatest Equality that can be ; why then, with some little *Sham-quarrels*, and Wranglings about adjusting the Odds, &c. they agree upon another : Here they attack the Stranger again ; *Come, Sir, you had the Misfortune to be on the wrong Side last Time, tho' 'twas a very hard Match, and no Body could tell who had the best of it, 'till the very Advantage-game ; take your Choice, we don't covet to carry off your Money.* And so they draw him on from one Set to another, and from little Betts to great Ones (till they have stuck him, as they call it) and then, to keep up their own *Dialect*, they seldom part with him, 'till they have sent him away sweet and clean.

I was a tolerable Master of this Game myself, I studied it at *Oxford*, together with my *Logicks*, and *Ethicks* ; and at last was arrived to that Perfection, that but few Scholars in the Town durst encounter with me upon equal Terms (I wish I could have said the same with respect to the other) but for all my mighty Parts in the University, when I came to *London*, I soon found my Insufficiency ; and that I must be new documentized before I must pretend to set up for myself : They would now and then

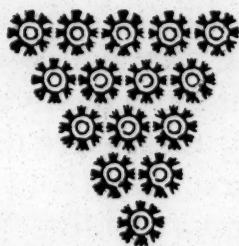
take

take me in with them, to keep a Back-hand, which was my Master-piece ; but truly, I had soon enough of my Back-hand Business : In short, I perceived they only made a Property of me, as they do of all Strangers, and so I knock'd off in Time ; besides I quickly grew acquainted with their Humours and Tricks, and saw that there was but few Matches made, but there was either a bribed *Marker*, or some Gentleman that had first lost his Estate, and then his Honour, and so was forc'd to comply with the Sharpings and Tricks of the Town, to get his Bread ; or some Scoundrel that never had an Estate or Honour either, but had acquired the Game by a diligent Attendance upon the Courts, crowded in among them, and that there was hardly a Set play'd, but there was some Sort of Falshood and Deceit practis'd ; I wisely disposed of my *Rackets*, and Inclination together, and left them to manage their Matters by themselves. But supposing for once that the Game was, as they'd have the World believe, square and equal, yet one of these Sparks *that make it their Trade to hunt about from Court to Court, have such a vast Advantage of a Stranger that knows nothing of the Business, that 'tis morally impossible but they must get his Money and impose upon him at last.*

There are several in Town that live purely upon the *Tennis-Courts* (and live well too) if such a Way of Living may be called *living well* ; but then they have such a perfect Idea and Notion of a Set, and so many mysterious Methods to turn and wind their Bets, and to bring themselves off when they have the worst, that a Person must have a natural Sharpness of Temper and Genius, back'd with a long Practice and Experience, before he can be a tolerable Master of the Faculty. But after all, if a Man could escape all their Tricks and Stratagems, which is almost impossible for a Stranger



if he engages with them; what Business, I wonder, has a *Country Gentleman* at a *Tennis-Court*? Why, truly none as I know of, unless it be to expose himself, if not to the Cheats, at least to the Laughter and Ridicule of a Company of lazy, sharpening Companions. Well Sir, if you should chance to fall in among them, take this along with you *That they'll cheat you if they can; if they can't draw you in to bet with them there, they'll attempt the enticing you into a Tavern or Gaming Ordinary, or rather than fail, into a Bawdy-house; they have twenty little Arts which they make use of, and Abundance of Baits to throw before a Stranger, and if he stoops for any of them, they'll be sure to find out some Means or other to make him pay dear for his Instalment into his new Society. Indeed, for the Noblemen and Gentlemen that love the Game, and only use it for a Breathing, that play a Set or two, once in a Week, to divert and recreate themselves, they are above any base Action, and if you could fall in with them, (though I think the Thing is scarce worth your Trouble) as there is no Good, so there would be no great Matter of Harm in't.*





## L E T T E R X.

*In which the Humours, Tricks and Cheats  
of the Bowling-Greens are exposed.*

**B**owling is a Game for Diversion, Recreation and Exercise, as well as Tennis, and was formerly a Game for few but Gentlemen, as that was; but as Men and Things are generally grown worse and worse, so is this too, and strangely degenerated from an innocent, inoffensive Diversion to be a *perfect Trade, a kind of set Calling and Occupation for Cheats and Sharpers*. The Number of Bowling-Greens that we have in and near this Town are unaccountable, and the Number of Bowlers, Betters and Rooks that depend upon them, and live by them, almost miraculous; How they all live I know not, but that they do live, get Money, and spend high, is *most certain*. Well, but I'll shew you *some Part of their Art*, and leave you to judge of the rest yourself. If you please therefore we'll make a short Trip to *Marybone* (for that's the chief Place of Rendezvouz) the Bowling-Greens there having in these latter Years gain'd a kind of Preheminence and Reputation above the rest, and thither most of the Noblemen and Gentlemen about the Town, that affect that sort of Recreation, generally resort; I have seen a Hundred at a Time at least following one Block, and the greatest Part of them, five to one, I'm confident, Rooks and Sharpers.

When a Match is made which they are commonly very nice in, but not so nice neither, but a subtle, old Better knows presently where the Odds lies; then the Sport begins, here you will hear *five, ten, twenty Pieces* offer'd the Leader against the Follower, or the Follower against the Leader sometimes upon the main End; and very often you will see *five or ten Pound* betted upon a single Bowl; they bet nothing but Gold here, so that a Man must have a good Stock that pretends to embark with them. But the Secret and Mystery of all is, how one of these profess'd Betters manage the Point; let the Game go for them or against them, it is some Odds, but they turn a Penny, or at least bring themselves off Savers at the winding up. I have heard one of them say, that he lost five Pieces by the Bargain, yet by his cunning Contrivances and Hedging, and his taking and laying the Odds (which is the chiefest Part in the Betting) he should be three Pound Gainer in the main. But, Sir, this is an Art that is not learnt on a sudden; and truly it is much below a Gentleman, unless he has some Notions of losing his Estate first, and being reduced afterwards to the Extremity of turning *Rook* for a Livelihood, to perplex himself about it. *Marybone*, as I told you, is the chief Place about Town; but for all its Greatness and Preheminence, it lies under shrewd Suspicions of being guilty of Sharping and Crimping as well as the rest. Indeed, I believe the Noblemen and Gentlemen, are above any thing so exaltedly Base and Sordid; but for the Interlopers, I'm a little jealous when they find there is a convenient Green, a great many Citizens, Fools, and Strangers, that they have always a Match or two lying by them, to divert such kind of Adventurers. I have observed myself very unequal Dealing among them; and withal I must own, was something surprized and dissatisfied,

to



to see so many Gentlemen, if not concerned, at least winking and conniving at it. Well, Sir, in short, I'm very certain, it will be your best Way never to come there at all, and then you will be both out of the Danger, and the Temptation too; for unless you are so much a Master of yourself, as I know some are, only to divert yourself with walking about, and observing the Humours of the Company, you will be in great Hazard to be seduc'd into some sort of Gaming, which you may perhaps have Cause to repent as long as you live. There you may be equipt with Gaming of all sorts; if you are for the famous Game with two *Dice*, properly distinguish'd by the memorable Title of *Hazard*; there the *Groom Porter* has a Gentleman in Ordinary, constantly in waiting: If you are for *Back Gammon*, *Trick Track*, *Picket*, *Cribidge*, or for an honest upright Game at *Whisk*, there are Chapmen enough for you: But, by the way, I wou'd have you take care of them, for it is ten to one, if they can once bring you down (as they express it) if they suffer you to rise again, without making a Penny of you. But, Sir, I would not keep you too long here neither, if you will give yourself the Trouble to take a Turn with me to a Bowling-Green or two, on the other Side of the Water, there you will meet with both Bowlers and Betters, that are very well worth your Observation. A Gang of such unaccountable Creatures mixed and jumbled together, and such a strange and horrid Din of Blasphemy and Swearing (too common indeed in most of these kind of Assemblies) that I know not where to begin my dismal Account of them. Well, Sir, to have done with them as fast as I can, their common Way of Proceeding is this, there are generally five or six that ply at one of these Greens, that are looked upon to be the Cocks or chief Bowlers,

and

and these always keep together, unless they can draw in a Younger to make a Property of. Their Way of making their Matches, is by drawing the Dice as in most other Greens, and the Method is well enough where the Gamesters are equal, but that is but a Blind neither, which they have to impose upon the Persons that are Strangers, and don't understand the Cheat; for let the Dice fall which Way they will, their Friends and Allies, the Betters, must give the Sign which Side must win, and each of these has always his Familiar or two near him to direct him whether he should bowl on or off, and for Sixpence Advantage they will do either: Sometimes it happens that they are forced to take in a Stranger, for want of a fourth Man to make up their Set, and then Things are not quite so well for their Purpose; however, to make the Matter as secure as they can, they all three Bowl against him, and none more earnestly than his own Partner; he must lead in Course, and then if he puts in a good Cast, and leaves him best at the Block, if the Game be in any Danger, he will be sure to be two or three Turns over, and either rest him off, or strike up the Adversary; and to blind the Stranger, will impudently pretend to justify the Thing, notwithstanding the Miscarriage, to be the Judgment of the Game; and if he could have struck the other out, which he never designed, they had been up. In short, they manage the Matter so, that unless the Stranger be able to beat them all three, he must necessarily lose his Money, and yet they carry on the Game so equally, and with so much seeming Fairness and Policy, that it is almost impossible (unless a Man has some *Idea* and Notion of the Persons beforehand) to find them out.

If they get a Stranger to engage with them Hand to Hand, let him be never so exact and judicious

cious a Bowler, they'll find out some Means or other to cheat him out of his Game. Sometimes they'll be crossing the Ground upon him; others will be bawling to him just upon the Delivery of his Bowl, and teasing and confounding him with impertinent Advice, to make him forget his Lengths; and perhaps, one of the Gang will pretend to be betted on his Side, and so amuse him with giving him false Ground; or if none of these or such like Tricks will do, why then, just as he is acquainted with the Running and Biasses of his Bowls, there's a Gentleman come they pretend that owns them, and must have them, but they'll give him another Pair, that are of the same Size and Weight, and in all Respects as good, but only 'tis the Gentleman's Humour to bowl with no other; and these, perhaps, are either Back-bias'd, or pegg'd, or loaded, or have some other Trick used to them, that 'tis impossible to come near the Mark with them. Sir, I could discover Abundance of their little rascally Cheats to you; but 'tis neither worth your Time to read them, nor mine to write them; you see in the main, what a villainous Gang these are, and how careful a Gentleman ought to be how he ventures himself among them; for besides these Cheats and Tricks upon the *Green*, they have Abundance of other dangerous Villanies consequent to them: They have their *Whores*, and *Setters*, their *Thieves*, and their *Pick-pockets*; their false Dice and Cards, and almost all other Engines for Mischief, ready upon Occasion. Indeed, even in the worst of these Places, there are a great many honest Gentlemen come daily to bowl; but what then? I can't see the Necessity for a Gentleman to run a Risk where there's no Occasion; if he will divert himself with a Game at Bowls now and then, there's Places enough about  
*London,*



*London*, where he may meet with sober and genteel Company, may pass an Hour or two, without being grated and tormented with the hideous Noise of Cursing and Swearing. The Game is a very innocent and healthful Recreation in itself, and I think one of the best Diversions we have about Town (provided a Man has nothing to do) to pass away a *Summer's Evening*. I hope you will not mistake me in this, nor in any of the rest; I am not entirely advising you against the *Play-house*, *Tennis-Court*, or *Bowling-Green*, or any other innocent and harmless Recreation. I know some Divertisement is so necessary, both for the Body and Mind of a Man, that 'tis hardly possible for either of them, to be at Ease without it: But that which I would reprehend, is the Excess and the Inordinancy of them; the making that a set and formal Business and Trade, which should be only used as a Diversion, and to fill up the idle Intervals; and withal to discover to you the ill Uses that are made of them, and the Dangers and Hazards they expose a Man to, if he once suffers them to usurp his Time, and get the Mastership over him; this is solely my Design, and truly I cannot suspect that my sincere Endeavours in this Point should meet with any false Construction.





## L E T T E R X I.

*In which the Humours of the Groom Porter's, and the Tricks and Cheats of Ordinaries, and other Gaming-houses are briefly exposed.*

S I R,



HAVING shew'd you in my former, how some of our Town Gentry, spend their Day, and given you some cautionary Hints of some of their barefac'd Cheats and Tricks, that are transacted in the Sight of the *Sun*; I shall now carry you a little farther, and shew you a few of their Works of Darknes; and how their Nights, as well as their Days, are sadly consumed and play'd away, in a dangerous Repetition of Gaming and Vice; and accordingly, if you please, we will first take a short Step to the *Groom Porter's*.

The *Groom Porter's* has been always looked upon as the most reputable and convenient Place in Town, for a Gentleman to venture into, that has a Mind to try, whether his good Fortune will suffer him to keep his Estate himself, or force him to commit it into the Hands of some Body else to do it for Him. There is wholesale Business, I can assure you, several thousand Pounds bartered for most Nights, so that if Fortune should

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play

play the Jilt, as she often does in such Cafes, you may be readily unskired in two or three Hours; nay, if you will in two or three Hands. The ordinary Game they play at there is *Hazard*, and *Hazard* indeed it is, and a very great one too, if you go in among 'em with two or three hundred Pieces in your Pocket, whether you bring e're a one out with you again. I have known an honest Gentleman come thither in a new Coach, with a Pair of very fine Horses, that hath found it so Hazardous, that in a Night or two afterwards, he has been forced to Hazard it Home in a *Hackney*. But they say, all Things there are very Square and Honest, good Wine, good Attendance, good Company; and all other suitable Conveniencies to accommodate a Gentleman, whilst he is comfortably playing away his Estate. All this may be, it is true, and it may not be too; for by the way, I have seen a *Spark*, by the help of good Fingers, and a little Dexterity of Hand, manage their *Mathematicks* something queerly upon Occasion. Well, but we must not dive too far into their Secrets neither, they wou'd grow angry perhaps, if we should, and I would not incur their Displeasure upon any Account: And yet I hope, Sir, I may give you a little short Advice, as a Friend, without being very offensive to any of them; it is only, that you never come within their Reach upon any Account, or Pretence whatever; it is a dangerous infectious Place for a young Gentleman but to put his Head into; and many a One by venturing a little too far, has caught such a Contagion at once, that has made him droop a great while, and at last carried him clear off. The old Proverb says, *Fore-warn'd Fore-arm'd*; and truly it is as good as any in the whole Catalogue. If a Man will plunge himself into Ruin, and squander away his Estate,

and



and reduce himself to the wretched Condition to be forced to sneak after every little *Coxcomb* for a Supper, or for a Crown to buy him a Pair of Shoes, as I know several Gentlemen of good Families, and who have had good Estates too, 'till they wisely consumed them in the Study of these Sorts of *Mathematicks*, at this Time are ; let him even take it for his Pains. But the Circumstances in their own Nature, are beyond Aggravation, and so I'll leave them, and go and see what they are doing at the *Ordinaries*.

The *Ordinaries* are a kind of *Gaming-houses*, inferior and subservient to the *Groom Porter's*, and are either managed by one of his *Domesticks*, or else tolerated and allowed by his particular Licence and Deputation ; as most of the other Games are. These *Ordinaries*, are a Receptacle for all Sorts of *Gamesters*, and are indeed very convenient Nurseries, to draw up Youngsters, and to qualify them against their Estates come into their Hands, to play them decently away at the *Groom Porter's* : How such kind of *Seminaries* as these come to be suffered, I know not ; but this I know, 'tis a Shame, and a Disgrace to the Kingdom, that there is not some Regulation or Stop put to them. These Gentlemen pretend to be much upon the *Mathematicks* too ; and that all Things are carried extraordinary fairly and squarely among them, as well as at the *Groom Porter's* ; but, by their Leave, I have seen their *Mathematical* Flats, and Bars ; nay (for a need) *Mathematical* Fullams too ; and Abundance that will run *Mathematically* high or low : These are a sort of false *Dice*, that are cut and stain'd so exactly like the true, and withal mark'd with the same Mark, that 'tis morally impossible for a Stranger, that does not suspect the Cheat, to disco-

ver it ; and these the *Box-Keeper* has commonly in Readiness, when he has the Sign given him, to put in ; or if he has them not of his own, there's those about him that never go without them. When they have got a Gentleman, who they design to rook in among them ; whilst some are sharpening him out of his Money within, others are tampering with his Servants without, to find out the Strength and Manner of his Estate and Circumstances, and where he lodges, and what Friends and Acquaintance he has in Town ; and if they find that his Effects will answer, and that he's a Person that may be ventur'd upon ; as soon as they perceive he has lost all his Stock, then one of the Gang, that's constantly watching there for such Opportunities, takes him aside ; Sir, says he, *I believe you're a very honest Gentleman ; I am very sorry to see you have lost your Money, and would not have a civil Man by any Means exposed, and therefore if you please, I have five or ten Pieces at your Service* : If he'll accept of the Favour, then he tells him, the Custom in such Cases, as well here as at the *Groom-Porter's*, is to take Nine for Ten, and to allow him a Call upon a good Hand. When this is lost too (as it always is in a little Time) then they conclude he's fixt ; and so the Gentleman that has done him the Favour to cheat him of his Money, will needs (under Pretence of a great deal of formal Civility) invite him to the Tavern, to take a Glass, and eat the Wing of a Fowl with him : When they have decoy'd him thither, the Person that did him the extraordinary Friendship to lend him the ten Pieces, must be instantly sent for too, who in the *Interim* has made up a new Purse, and is very ready to Credit him with the other ten, till to-morrow Morning, if he has a Mind to try his Luck ; but he

he won't advise him. *Here the Box and Dice must be called for, and the honest Drawer, that knows his Duty in such Cases, brings in the Box with a Pair of their own Dice, which they have convey'd into his Hand in the Interim, &c.* And now there's no Room for Suspicion, but every Thing is carried with the greatest Frankness and Indifferency; and so at it they go, 'till the other ten Pieces are gone after the rest, and what must be done then? This worthy Friend has no more Money about him; if he had, he might command it: And truly he thinks since they have won the Gentleman's ready Money, they can do no less than give him a Cast or two upon Honour; with a great deal of seeming Uneasiness, and perhaps a Thousand perfidious Oaths and Execrations, that they never did the like before, and upon Condition too, that the Gentleman will give his Note to pay it to-morrow Morning, if he should happen to lose any Thing; this is comply'd with: And here begins the fatal *Catastrophe*; if they think that he has too much Regard for his Reputation, or too much Modesty to make use of the Statute for his Defence, or perhaps (what's more prevalent with him than either) will be unwilling that the Town should know he has been a *Bubble*, then they stick him in Earnest, so deep, it may be, that he must be forc'd to cut off a Limb of his Estate to get out of their Clutches. Sir, we have too many sad Instances every Day in View, to convince you of the Truth of this, without enlarging upon it; so that I hope, from this hasty Caution I have given you, you'll have enough of these kind of *Ordinaries*; however, for your better Satisfaction, we'll step thither again, and see what the rest of them are doing in the other Parts of the House: Why, there are some playing at *Back-Gammon*, some at *Trick-Track*, some at *Picket*,  
some



some at *Cribbage*, and, perhaps, at a By-table in a Corner, four or five harmless Fellows at *Put*, and *All-fours*; here's no respect of Persons, here come *Apprentices*, *Journeyman*, *Footmen*, *Cobblers*, or any Body, provided they bring Money in their Pockets, and come either to cheat, or to be cheated, *Pro hac vice*, they have as extensive a Qualification to Swear, Blaspheme, and Hector, as the most renowned *Sharper* in the whole Gang. That each of these in his respective Station is a Cheat, I suppose, you'll take for granted; you may as well be cheated at *Cards*, as at *Dice*, and at *Back-Gammon* and *Trick-Track*, as at *Hazard*; the false *Dice* and Slights of Hand will serve for one, as well as the other; there's no Difference, as I know of, but only the former is a little longer about the Business. But besides all this, if a Man could be secure to guard himself against their false *Dice*, and Slights of Hand, and was equal with them too in Point of Judgment and Experience, what Business has a *Country Gentleman*, or indeed any Body else, to venture himself among such a rude Herd of wild Creatures? Well, I'm ashamed to think that any *Gentleman* should sink himself so much below a rational Creature, to be guilty of such unaccountable Folly; I must own I utterly lose my Pity, when I see one of these Wretches shirking about in Rags (as there's enough of them about Town) that are living Monuments of their own vicious Indiscretion; let them even keep their Rags, their Poverty and Contempt, for me.

And truly, I could almost wish every one in their Condition, that does not take Warning from them, but will violently plunge himself into the same Misfortune.

L E T T E R



## L E T T E R XII.

*In which the Tricks of the Cock-Pits,  
and the Cheats of Horse-Races, and  
Foot-Matches are exposed.*



PERHAPS, Sir, having discovered so many of the Cheats and Tricks of the Town to you already, you may now think it high Time to wind up my Account. I can assure you I have no Vanity in reporting these Matters, they are as odious and unpleasant for me to write, as they can be for you to read: But still, Sir, I remember my Promise, I told you I'd shew you a little of most of the Follies and Villanies of the Town, which, as a Gentleman and a Stranger, you're most in Danger to be trapann'd, and impos'd upon by, when you come at it. To proceed then to the rest, for once I'll carry you to a *Cock-Match*; and if you love that Diversion, shew you a Battle or two, that you may see how much our Sparks in *London*, manage their Matters beyond yours in the Country.

*Cock-fighting*, is an ancient, barbarous Sort of Diversion, that for many Years has been of high Repute, even amongst the Nobility and chief Gentry of *England*: 'Tis now indeed in a State of Declension; the Gentlemen, perceiving the constant Charge, Folly, and Inconvenience that depended upon it, have in a great Measure, wisely laid it down.

And

And the *Sharpers*, *Rooks*, and *Scoundrels*, together with some few *Fools*, have taken it up; or else the cruel Sport, for that's the best Title I can give it (and I think the best it deserves) had been happily worn out, and lost, and there had been an End on't. For my Part, I cannot conceive where the great Diversion in *Cock-fighting* lies; the *Bear-Garden* and *Cock-Pit*, are both alike to me; and truly, in my Judgment, they are both inhuman, and unnatural, and there's very little Satisfaction in either. But this is nothing to the Purpose: It passes under the Notion of a harmless Recreation among the rest; the *Rooks* and *Sharpers* get Money by it, and therefore we'll go and see a little how they manage their Point. Their first Business is to bribe themselves into Acquaintance with the Feeders, and to learn every particular Cock's Marks, Breed, Way of Fighting, &c. When they are thoroughly equipp'd with these, and every thing else that can possibly give them any Advantage in Point of Judgment, they make their Bets, but still their Eyes are constantly fix'd upon the Cock, that they may observe every Wound and Turn of a Battle; and truly most of your old *Cockers*, are so very sharp and quick-sighted in such Cases, that they generally discover the nicest Advantage, and accordingly either take, or lay the Odds, to bring themselves off; and so far 'tis fair enough, and every Man is to be commended for making the most of his Business; and indeed, 'tis impossible they should use their Talents any further in a fair Match than this comes to, unless it be to swear you out of your Bets, when you have won them, and bring some of their Gang to give Judgment against you, as 'tis very common amongst them. But all this is little to their Business, and if there was nothing else in it but the Advantage they have in point of  
Judg-



Judgment, they must be quickly forc'd to find out some new Adventure, or prepare to fight Battles of another Nature. Their Business generally comes on when the *Grand Match* is over (unless the Whole be one of their own making) then, perhaps, they have a By-match or two, to divert the Company at parting, which may bring in something. Here they set down one of the sharpest narrow-heel'd *Cocks* they have, to one that they know is a perfect Slug; and 'tis ten to one too, to make all Things sure, but they crack his Beak, or thrust a Pin into the Roof of his Mouth, or blunt the Points of his Gaffles, or cramp him with a Hair about his Thigh; for in such Cases they'll be sure to make all Things safe; but then the Force of their Designs depends chiefly upon the managing Point, against their *Cock* comes to be set down, in Order to which one of the more reputable Sort of Sharpers, offers large Bets upon the *Cock* that is to lose, and withal several *Sham-wagers* are laid among themselves. *This, says he, is a Brother to the Pile that killed Squire G——'s Dun, he came from Mr. R——'s Hen, and my Lord——C——'s Duck-wing, that won the Famous Battle at New Market: And perhaps, may be a slightly Cock, and a good Cock in Nature. By these, and such like Stratagems, 'tis Odds but there is several snapt; and to colour the Matter, when the Business is over, they pretend that he receiv'd a Wound in the Body in the Sparring-blows; and if he had not been accidentally disabled, he would have certainly won the Battle, and they'll fight one of the same Brood, with any Cock of his Match in England, for a Hundred Pounds. Sir, I would not trouble you too much with this Kind of Stuff; you may judge from this short Draught, what these Gentlemen would be at, their sole Business is flat Sharp-*

I

ing,

ing, and Rooking; and, if you'll venture in amongst them, and hazard your Money, you may depend upon't, if they find you a Stranger, they'll have some Device, either by fair Means or foul, to cheat you before they part with you. But after all, what, I wonder, can it be that should induce a Gentleman, to hazard himself, and his Reputation among such a Gang of Varlets, as these are. I can't imagine where the Diversion, or Felicity can be, to see a Kennel of deep-mouth'd Ruffians (standing round a Pair of foolish Creatures) hollwing, cursing, and blaspheming, whilst they mangle one another to Death? This is a very unaccountable Way of disposing of yourself, indeed. Well, Sir! I will not trouble you more about it; you see how Cafes stand, and if you will plunge yourself into such manifest Inconveniences, you must even take it for your Pains, and sit down by the Loss.

And next for *Horse-Racing*: Why, that's in the main a Cheat as bad, if not worse than the former, and many an honest Gentleman hath been bubbld by it out of his whole Estate. As to the great Matches between Noblemen and Gentlemen, the Plate-matches, &c. that's all Country Business, and don't fall within the Compass of my Design; and I am glad it does not, for truly if it had, I'm afraid I should have been apt to say something that would not so well have suited with their respective Characters. However, if you are for a Course, and will be betting with them, you may take this among the rest, That unless you have a true Knowledge of the Horse and Riders, and especially of the Design of the Owners, you may as well be taken in by a *Jockey*, *Knight*, or *Squire*, as by an *Hofler*, or a *Horse-Courser*; and what's worse, you must not complain neither; if you do, you  
affront

affront 'em, and then Wars will ensue. In brief, I think you have no great Business among any of them. But since we are upon the Ramble, we'll make a short Trip to *Bansted-Downs*, or *Hackney-Marsh*, and see what Company they have got there: There, I'll warrant you, if you are for such sort of Sport, you won't want Diversion. Well, I wou'd not keep you long among them (for they are a dangerous Society) and therefore you would do well to remember, that there's not one Match in twenty run there, but what's a Cheat; the Heart of the Company is made up of nothing, but *Jockeys*, *Horse-Courfers*, *Hostlers*, and *Farriers*, with some extravagant Citizens, that are learning to gallop, and manage their *Racers*, against they are forc'd to mount them upon another Occasion. A genteel *Cit*, that does not ride above ten or eleven Stone, after he has wisely raced himself out of his Shop, makes as accomplish'd a *Highwayman*, as the best *Butcher*, *Coachman*, or *Hostler* of them all. But, Sir, I'm sure you won't like this Company; beside you have enough of it in your own Country, and therefore we'll leave them to manage their Cheats by themselves, and make the best of our Way to *Hide-Park*, to try if we can have any better Diversion, at a *Foot-Match*.

*Foot-Raceing*, is just of the same Nature with the former, only with this Difference, that they rob a Foot, and the other a Horseback; the one's a *Highwayman*, and the other's a *Pad*. In short, the general Business of both is to make *Sham Matches*, to draw in Strangers, and to impose upon them, by a few rascally Cheats and Tricks: But they're grown so common, and well known in Town, that there's few but the very Rabble,



take any Notice of them. I could have entertain'd you with some of their villainous Stratagems and Devices, but that I think they are both below a Gentleman's Ear and Pen; they are only fit for the Correction of the *Mob*, and let them take them, and try, whether a Horse-pond, or a House of Office, will work any thing towards their Reformation.



L E T T E R



## LETTER XIII.

*In which the Villanies of Guinea-Droppers, and Sweetners are exposed.*



*U*INE A-Dropping, or Sweetning, is a paltry little Cheat, that was recommended to the World about sixty Years ago, by a memorable Gentleman, that has since had the Misfortune to be taken off, I mean hang'd, for a Misdemeanor upon the *Highway*. However, he left the Mystery behind him, which has ever since been manag'd with pretty good Success, by some of the worthy Members of his Gang, and is now improved to that high Perfection, that 'tis become a perfect Occupation, and several remarkable Persons live upon it. The general Places where the Masters of this Art rendezvous, is *Morefields*, and *Covent Garden*, and in most other publick Places between *Westminster Hall*, and *Temple Bar*; especially in the two former; and 'tis some Odds if a *Country Gentleman*, or a *Stranger* passes through either of them, but he is attacked by them. The Manner of this Cheat, is thus, (as I had it from One of the Chief Masters of the Faculty, that, it seems, has quitted the Business upon some Dislike.)

Says he, To make us a compleat Set, there must be three of us; One to personate a Merchant, the other a *Country Gentleman*, and the third a *Tradesman*. When we have bit of our Cully, (and they have commonly a damnable Notion of

*a Person for their Turn) one of our Gang marches directly before him, and another follows close behind, till they come to a convenient Place, where the Mouth, (as they are pleased to term him) must needs observe; and then the Spark that is in the Front, drops the Guinea: Faith (says he, turning about to the Stranger) I have found a Piece of Money here, I think 'tis a Guinea; and then if he that is in the Rear, perceives he is insensible of the Cheat, up he steps, and claims Halves. After a little Sham-squabble between the two Cheats, says the first, If any Body has any Right to a Snack, 'tis this Gentleman, who saw me take it up: But to prevent Disputes, Come (saith he) 'tis a lucky Hit, we'll ev'n go all to the Tavern, and spend the odd Money, and then divide the Remainder fairly and equally amongst us. The third still continues at a Distance to observe the Success of their Management, and in what Tavern they house him, which is one where they commonly have a thorough Acquaintance and Familiarity: When he is fixt, then in comes he in a mighty Hurry, and pretended Confusion, for the Loss of a Bill, which he says he supposes he dropt just now, in the very Room where they are drinking: And to colour the Matter, one of the other two conveys a Sham-bill under the Table, which he immediately takes up, and as a Testimony of his Joy for the Recovery of it, will needs call for his Pint. After they have drank two or three Pints, and begin to grow a little warm, up starts one of them, and pretends to have discovered a Pack of Cards, which he has before placed in some convenient Part of the Room for his Purpose. Ha! says he, here's a Pack of Cards; Come, Faith, I'll shew you one of the prettiest Tricks, that I was taught by a Dutchman t'other Day, that ever I saw in my Life: And so to possess their Cully of their Innocence, &c. they shew several of the ordinary Tricks upon the Cards.*

At



At last, he that is the most dexterous, starts the Grand Trick; which they call *Preaching the Parson*; how the Dogs came to call it by that Name, I know not, unless it be, that so many honest Clergymen, above the rest, have been impos'd upon by it. As to the Manner of their Trick, 'tis no great Matter, my Design is not to teach you Tricks, but how to avoid them: It is a Palm, and a Slip that they have, a sort of *Deceptio Visus*, which if you have a Curiosity to see, there's enough in Town will equip you. If this Cheat takes, then they have no need to try any other Expedients; but if this don't pass upon you, then they will try you with false Dice, Rug and the Leather, or twenty other Projects, that they have ready upon such Occasions. For, in short, your Money they will have, before they part with you; or rather than fail, knock you down, and rifle you, or pick your Pocket.

Sir, you have this Account of this Piece of Roguery, in the very Words, as near as my Memory will serve me, as I had it from my worthy Informer (one of the Masters of the Gang;) and truly I have been something the longer upon it, that it may serve as a general Caution to you against embarking yourself with Strangers, upon any Pretence whatever. For, give me Leave to tell you, a considerable Part of the Mischiefs of this Town, are derived to us upon that Account, and will be every Day more and more so, considering the present Posture of Men and Things. This Town degenerates hourly; Honesty and Virtue, are almost dwindled to nothing. Roguery, Folly and Vice, are constantly increasing, and growing more publick and insolent; so that if you will notwithstanding venture to *London*, believe me, it will require your utmost Care and Wisdom to guard yourself against them.




L E T-



## L E T T E R XIV.

*In which the Tricks of Bawds and Jilts are exposed, together with some Reflections upon the Art of Trapping.*

S I R,




 A M now entring upon the last, and indeed the most unpleasant Part of my Relation, *i. e.* the Tricks of *Bawds* and *Jilts*, two Ranks of degenerated Animals, so exactly impious, so solemnly and deliberately vicious, and scandalous, that their very Names, the very Title of a *Bawd*, and a *Whore*, is sufficient to fright a sober Man, not only from their Embraces, and Conversation, but even out of all manner of Lustful Thoughts, and Inclinations.

In the first Rank I place the *Bawd*, or *Procurer*, you may call her what you will; for though the latter has usurp'd a Name a little more modish, and decent than the former, and perhaps may have a little more Business among the *Quality* and *Gentry*, yet they are both Practitioners in the very same Arts and Sciences, and constantly agree in the main of their Occupation. There is no Difference that ever I heard between *Jenny C——* and *Moll——Q——* or my Lady——either, only in point of Price: *Jenny* and my Lady won't equip you under a *Guinea*, perhaps; and *Moll* will furnish you as well for Half a Crown; nay, rather than lose your Custom, for a *Shilling*, and a *Quartern of Raspberry*.

In

In short, one helps to a *Common Miss*, and the other to a *Common Whore*; there's no Odds but in the Name: And these are all Works of Darknes beside, and then according to the old Proverb, *Joan's as good as my Lady*.

However, for Method sake, I'll take 'em to Pieces, and shew you a few of their Tricks and Managements, under the respective Characters of a *Procurer*, *Bawd*, and *Filt*.

First then for the *Procurer*: Her chief Place of *Rendezvous*, is at the *Play-house*, that's the Change she never fails to be upon; and indeed is the most proper Place for her to put off her damag'd Commodities. She seldom wants Chapmen there, especially for her *Maiden-heads*, which she pretends is the only Part of her Merchandize.

You may easily discover where-about in the Pit she keeps her Office, by the Concourse of *Whores* and *Gallants*, that are perpetually crowding about her, either for Advice, or Assistance. If you should once be so unhappily vicious, to make Use of her, she will lay so many Snares and Temptations to entangle and betray you, that 'tis almost impossible for you afterwards to escape her Delusions.

Sometimes she'll have the delicatest Woman in the World for you; at other Times a fine young Creature, of about fourteen, a perfect Pattern of Innocence, and Modesty, and a pure Virgin; beside, she has one that sings like an Angel; another that dances to a Miracle; a third that has an incomparable Shape and Mien; and a fourth that's an absolute Wit, and the only diverting Companion of her whole Sex.

In short, she has them, or at least pretends she has them, of all Sorts and Prices, from a *Guinea*



66      *The Country Gentleman's*

to five, and from five to a hundred ; but let me tell you, that if you deal with her for any of 'em, you have better Luck than most of your Neighbours, that venture their Stocks upon such brittle Ware, if it don't prove a dear Bargain at the making up your Account.

A *Race Whore*, or a *Pad Strumpet*, as they order their Business, will stand you in five Times as much in a Year's Keeping, as a Race Horse and a Pad together, nay than a whole Stable of Racers, Pads, and Hunters too. They must be kept finely cloath'd, and nicely dress'd, and have good Meat in their Bellies beside, or else they'll turn Jades immediately.

But perhaps you may like the Humour of Roving better, than keeping any of these Cattle for your own Riding ; hire a *Hackney Whore*, as your Citizens do their Horses, for a Journey, and no more.

But then unless you can have them at the same Price too, fifteen Pence a Side, if you should have Occasion to ride often, you'll find it very chargeable.

Which of these Methods is the better, I cannot direct you, I must confess I abominate 'em both ; but there's enough in Town that can ; 'tis true, they are generally forc'd to walk it now, or if they do mount (which is very seldom) 'tis either upon a cast Hunter, or some poor Pad that has had the *Farcy* or *Fistula*, or some Surfeit, or other foul Distemper, that has made them only fit for the Hounds, or at best for a *Hackney*.

However, they can inform you sufficiently, or else you may read it in their Looks ; their very Legs will direct that they have rid hard in former Times, and withal give you a sad Testimony, how dan-

dangerous such Journeys are, both in regard to your Estate, Wealth, and Reputation.

In short, Sir, if one of these *Belle Dame* Sorceresses, should once bewitch you into their Net, beside the Fulsomness of the Vice itself, and the hateful and loathsome Qualifications that are incorporated with it, she has so many black Arts, so many infernal Stratagems and Devices linkt together, to keep you fast in her Clutches, that 'tis almost impossible for you to disengage yourself, till she has had her End, and that commonly terminates in your Ruin.

'Tis unaccountable indeed, when they hear of a beautiful Woman, (in the first Place) what strange Contrivances and Devices, what Projects and Designs they lay, that they may get into her Company, and corrupt her. The deluding and ruining both Men and Women is their whole Business and Occupation; nay, not only their own, but the Business of several Agents and Factors. A Sort of mercenary Hell-hounds, which they turn out to hunt the Town, to try what Game of either Sort they can find; and if they chance to make their Set upon a Country Gentleman, or a Stranger, be sure the Dog will never forsake the Haunt, till his Mistress (if he ha'nt been disturb'd and drawn at before) finds some Means or other, to entangle them in her Net.

And now for the *Bawd*: She's a Sort of Viperous Creature, that has all the bad Properties of the former, with so many Additions of her own, that she's a Monster, both without Parallel, and beyond Description. She's the very Dregs both of a *Filt* and a *Procurer*; a Wretch, that having lost all Grace, Modesty, or Humanity, has su'd out her Indentures in the *Devil's* Company, and bound

herself to deal in no other Commodities, but those that tend directly to propagate his Interest.

These Sort of Practitioners generally keep *Seraglio's* of their own, with the Supercription of *Chocolate*, or *Coffee* over their Doors, which are constantly guarded with three or four painted *Harlots*, that are always ready either by Surprise or Assault, to make you their Prisoner.

If they can any ways get you into their Case (as they call it) and rather than fail, they'll impudently hawl you to ; why then in Course you must call for your Half-pint of *Raspberry* ; and so one of them begins a beastly Health, to let you know what Occupation they follow.

Before this is drunk, in steps the Governess, in a mighty Rage, that the Gentleman is not shew'd into a better Room. *Come*, Sir, says she, and snatches up the Candle (so that you must either go with her, or stay with those Vermin in the Dark) *follow me, and I'll light you up my self* : When they have got you there, then they conclude you are fixt, and so three or four Couple of her choice *Whores* are presently let loose, to live at Discretion upon you.

If they can by any Sort of vicious Lewdness entice you into Debauchery, the next Thing is, which of the Ladies you pitch upon, and the Terms. Mrs. *Frances*, she's but just come out of the Country, and has not been upon Duty these four Months, there's but little Difference between her and a Maidenhead, and she can't be afforded for less than *ten Shillings, beside half a Crown for her self*. Mrs. *Margaret's* a good clean Woman, and very modest and innocent, a pretty harmless Creature, *three half Crowns is the Price*, and she never went under. Mrs. *Betty*, Mrs. *Nancy*, and  
sweet



sweet Mrs. Sukey, are all three sound and active, but because *Trading's dead, and Money's scarce, and you look like a civil Gentleman, and because I'd encourage you to come again, you shall have one of them for a Crown, and that's the lowest; but, for Moll and Kate, Joan, Margery, Abigail, &c. you know the Fare I suppose, and though I say it myself, there is ne'er a Gentlewoman in the whole Trade can shew a better Warehouse of such sort of Goods than I can, nor afford a better Pennyworth.*

With this Kind of Prate the old Mistress of Iniquity entertains her Guest, whilst a Kennel of hungry Brutes are all the while yelping their fulsom Ribaldry, swearing, cursing, and blaspheming, and ravenously swallowing and devouring every Thing they lay their Talons upon.

This is rare Company, is it not, for a Country Gentleman to run himself into? Nay, besides all these, there's a strong Party of Rogues and Bullies below, if you should not comply with their insolent Demands, or scruple to pay their extravagant Reckoning, ready upon Occasion to hector and insult you, to strip and murder you.

To have done with them, I cannot suspect that you should ever give up so much of your Reason, to hazard yourself into such a Labyrinth of Mischief as this is. No, no, Sir, I'm confident you never will. A Bawdyhouse! why 'tis the very Gate of Hell, an Inlet to Disgrace, Ruin and Contempt, and more to be avoided by far than a Jakes or a Pesthouse, and in all Respects as loathsome as the one, and as contagious as the other.

I come, in the next Place, to the Jilt, which is a sort of Creature, a little more private and designing, but in the main as lewd and dissolute, and more dangerous than e'er a one of the former.

These

These, forsooth, would be counted *Virtuous and Religious Whores*; Misses they will own themselves to be; but *Whore's* a Term a little too rough to go down with such nice Palates, the Name of a *Miss* relishes better with them; well, let them be *Misses* then; but for all their Miss-ship, I passionately caution you, never to come near any of them; for if you do, you will find they can ruin you as soon as the best Procurer or Bawd of them all.

These Vermin play at high Games, nothing will serve some of them less than a Settlement of *two or three Hundred per Annum, a Coach, fine Lodgings, Plate, China, and other things suitable to a Whore of Rank*, and upon these Considerations she'll be faithful to you, or at least she'll promise you she will; but this is only a Promise *de facto* neither; so long as your Estate lasts, and you can maintain her in her Extravagance and Grandeur, but when that fails, so does the Obligation too; she has the grand political Reasons ready as well as the best Statesman of them all, and commonly makes the best Use of it.

She can pray, cant, shed a few Crocodile's Tears, or, rather than fail, sham a Fit, as a Token of the Passion and Tenderneſs she has for you; but then your Back's no sooner turn'd, but she tells her Stallion, you are a nasty, sickly, feeble Fellow, and that as soon as she has persuaded you out of the Settlement and the new Furniture, she'll first affront you, and then leave you.

If she finds you are a Cully indeed, and will be often impos'd upon by her, then she has a thousand little wheedling Tricks and Artifices to decoy you. Sometimes she's breeding, forsooth, and then sure you cannot be so barbarous to your  
own

*own Flesh and Blood*, but you will take some Care of the *young one*; besides, she wants Night-Gowns, and Damask for Clouts, and a thousand other Necessaries for a Lying-in Woman.

There's my Lord *A*——s, and Sir *John B*——s, and Colonel *D*——s Misses lay in, in as much State the other Day as the best Lady in the Kingdom; nay, Mr. *F*—— that is but an ordinary Citizen, presented his Mistress with a new Bed, and the Furniture of a Room that cost him above *a hundred and fifty Pound*; and what has she, I wonder, done, that she should not deserve as much as the best of them? Why sure, she's as handsome and as young, and is as well descended, and has been as well bred as any of them; and do you think that she'll be put off with your nasty, shabby forty or fifty Guineas? No truly, she rather thinks, that as Cases stand between you and her, you ought to cut off the Entail of your Estate, and settle a good part of it upon her for Life, and then let the Child Heir it afterwards; and perhaps all this too may be only Whore-craft, and Pretences, and so she must be forced (to bring herself off) to sham a Miscarriage; and that your Cruelty, and Hard-heartedness in not settling your Estate upon her, and answering her Demands, has been the Cause of it; and will at last force her to make herself away: Well, but if you loved her as well as she loves you, you could not be so barbarous to deny her any thing.

Besides, she has been no chargeable Mistress to you neither; she has been your Drudge for at least these Seven Months, and has not cost you fifteen Hundred Pounds in the Whole. If you had lived with some she knows in Town, so long, (but she is an easy Fool) 'twould not stood you in a Penny less than three Thousand.

Sir



Sir, their Tricks and Devices are numberless, and not to be parallel'd by any Thing but their Ingratitude and Inhumanity ; there indeed they exceed themselves ; nothing in Nature being so perfectly brutish and cruel, as one of these Kind of Creatures ; the very Moment you stop your Hand, they grow rude and insolent ; and when they find they have entirely done your Business, and turned you a grazing, who so ready as that very *Syren* that has spent your Estate, to laugh at, revile, and scorn you ; and you are not less her Buffoon now, than you were her Property formerly.

To have done with her : A *Filt*, is a *Procurer*, *Bawd*, and *Whore* compounded together. A Vermin so ravenous, and malicious, and withal so subtle and designing, so formally chaste, and hypocritically virtuous ; and yet so scandalously common, and impudently lewd ; so proud, and yet so mercenary ; and above all so insolently ill-natur'd, that in the short Title of a *Filt* are comprehended all the Vices, Follies, and Impertinences of her whole Sex.

And last for their Art of *Trapping*. This is a Mystery that they commonly manage either by the Assistance of a pregnant Whore, or by the Help of some Letters, or Papers, that they pick out of your Pocket, that gives them an Inlet into your Affairs. The first is carried on by *Procurers*, *Bawds* and *Filts*, and the latter by *Sharps*, *Setters* and *Bullies*.

If they are once so fortunate to get a big-bellied *Whore* into their Confederacy, then they carry her about in a kind of Triumph, among all their *Cullies* and Novices ; every one, forsooth, under the Notion of being the true Father, must subscribe an individual Maintenance for the *Strumpet* and the  
*Brat* ;

*Brat*; or a Warrant must be got immediately, or the Masters of the Parish call'd in to their Assistance to force you to it. 'Tis needless to contest it; for, if you do, they'll force the Woman to Swear it upon you, and then your Reputation's lost; and withal you have the Charge of a *Whore*, and a *Bastard* entail'd upon you *ad infinitum*.

If they get your Papers, and Letters into their Clutches, those are their Credentials, for their *Sharpers*, *Setters*, and *Bullies* to commence their Villanies; in such Cases they pretend that the *Harlot* that rifled you, was an honest Gentlewoman, and the Wife of a Person of Credit and Reputation; and you must either make Satisfaction, and compound the Business, or else they'll expose you first, and bring their *Action* against you afterwards.

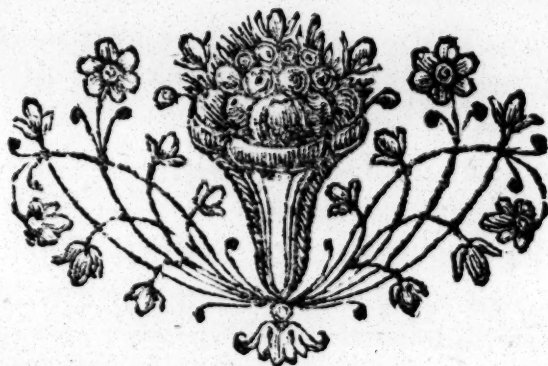
And what can a Man do, when he has brought himself into such a *Dilemma*, by his Folly? For my Part, the Case is so very bad and desperate, I can't direct you in't: If you compound with them now, you do but lay yourself open to their Mercy, and render yourself a Bubble, and a Property for the future; or if you resist them, why then you lose your Credit; they'll be sure to be as good as their Words in that Point however, to misrepresent you, and abuse you in all Companies, and upon all Occasions; so that this Business of Whoring, especially, seems to have a malevolent Influence, both upon your Estate, and Reputation; nay, upon your Person too; and very rarely terminates without destroying them all.

To conclude this loathsome Relation, you may learn from this rough Account what kind of Creatures *Procurers*, *Bawds*, *Filts*, *Whores*, and their Appendages, *i. e.* *Sharpers*, *Setters*, and *Bullies* are.

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And

And now what shall I say more, but advise you again ; if you regard your Health, your Estate, or your Reputation, nay, what is yet more, if you regard the Liberty and Quiet of your Life, to shun them all ; and that will be one great Means to make your *London* Expedition a little more comfortable, and the less expos'd to Hazard, and Expence.



L E T T E R





## L E T T E R   X V .

*In which the Humours of Bullies, Setters, and Hangers-on are exposed; together with Reflections upon Gaming in general.*

S I R,



HAVING in a long Letter, the last Post, entertained you with the vicious Tricks and Humours of the Female Prostitutes; I shall now change the Sex, and expose to you some of the base Practices of the Male, as they fall in Order; under the distinct Characters of *Bullies*, *Setters*, and *Hangers-on*.

And first for the *Bully*, which (if I take him right) is a kind of lewd blustering Animal, that having rendered himself unfit (by a Complication of vicious and degenerate Actions) for the Conversation and Society of sober and rational Creatures, is forc'd to throw himself into the Company of *Bawds* and *Whores*, and to live upon their Contribution and Subsistence.

I shall not enlarge much upon his Character, or Method of living, they are both so generally known in Town and Country too, 'twould be at best an Impertinence, to spend much Time about him. As I told you before, his common Rendezvous is among the *Bawds* and *Whores*; he eats their Bread,

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and fights their Battles, hectors and insults their *Cullies*, gathers their Contribution ; and for a Need, can pimp, betray and set, as well as the best of them.

You may discern him by his long Sword, his insolent and saucy Behaviour ; but above all, by his *Atheistical Dialect*, Swearing, Cursing, and *Ribaldry*. If ever you should be so unhappy to fall in with him, he consequently entertains you with the dismal Relation of the Men he has murder'd, and the Women he has ravish'd ; the famous Battle he fought with such a *Watch*, or the bloody Rencontre he had with a Detachment of *Bailiffs*, or some such romantick Lies and Forgeries ; and if he can impose so far upon you, that he perceives you're inclin'd to believe him, 'tis ten to one but he draws you into a Quarrel, or some other Inconveniency ; and then by a cowardly Stratagem, brings himself off, and basely deserts you to shift for yourself.

I need not tell you, that a *Bully's* a Coward ; the two Names are too convertible, to want an Explication ; the whole Strefs of his Valour and Prowess depends solely upon his Insolence, Ignorance, and Oaths ; but ruffle him once thoroughly, that he may perceive you know both his Trade and his Temper, he'll fawn upon you for ever afterwards like a *Spaniel*, you may kick him, cuff him, pinch him, or use him how you will ; he has had the Misfortune to kill a Man lately, he'll tell you, and is under an Obligation at present not to fight ; but when his Time's expir'd, Woe be to you.

Well, Sir, I hope you won't think this a conversable Creature ; for, for all his Cowardice and Ignorance, and for all he's an Animal so perfectly below the Character of a Man, he can betray you into Gaming, into Quarrels, into a *Bawdy-house*, and into

into the Company of Rogues, Thieves, and Whores, as well as the wittiest *Sharper*, or stoutest *Spark* of the Town.

The next Gentleman that falls in Order, is the *Setter*; his Way of recommending himself is quite contrary, by fly Insinuations and Flatteries, by hypocritical Cringes, and Fawnings, and smooth and knavish Pretences, and formal Diffimulations: But notwithstanding his outside Look's so fair and plausible, take heed of him; there's a Legion within him.

All the Cheats and Villanies in Nature is center'd in his Mind and Thoughts; his very Soul is nothing but thick Black, and Soot, and stands always ready bent to prosecute the next advantageous Mischief.

His ordinary Occupation is to attend the Motion of young Heirs, to draw and trapan them into mean and unequal Matches, and so impose upon them *Filts* and *Whores*, under the Character of Heiresses and *Virtuosa's*; and this he does with so much Dexterity, and so many subtle Arts, and crafty Stratagems, that 'tis almost impossible, if you should be once so unfortunate to fall into his Management, to escape out of it again, without being undone, for the Remainder of your Life.

Here in Course the Entail of your Estate must be cut off, to make Room for a Settlement for the *Harlot*; and she must have a handsome Present made her too, of four or five Hundred Pounds Value: If you have no Money, they'll procure it for you, upon your Bond and Judgment, and a Friend or two withal, that shall stand bound with you for the Payment, 'till you receive your Lady's Fortune, but then you must do them the same Favour, only enter into a Bond and Judgment with one of them, for a Thousand Pounds or so, for a Month; and



and that's a Return of Civility, which you cannot deny.

Here the whole Business of your Life is done in the Compass of a Week, you're married to a *Whore*, your Estate is all disjointed, and torn to Pieces, and perhaps seiz'd upon by a Combination of *Villains*; and what's as great an Aggravation as any Thing else, you're become the By-word and Laughing-stock of your Friends and Acquaintance; and all this, this new Associate has done for you, under the smooth Pretence and hypocritical Coverture of singular Honesty and Sincerity.

If this Business of a Wife don't pass upon you, he'll try in the second Place if he can draw you into *Sham Projects*, and *Chimera's*: He and his Friends have a new invented Engine upon the Stocks, by the Help of which you may walk with much Freedom and Ease, in the Bottom of the Sea, as in your own Garden; and withal that they have Intelligence upon Oath of a Wreck, where there's several Millions, and 'twill be all their own, in four or five Months at most; if you don't like this, they have a *Water Engine*, that will discharge a thousand Tun an Hour, out of the deepest Mine; or, they have a *Mine* where there's a Rib of *Ore*, of a prodigious Bigness; and for a Sum of Money to carry on their Works, you may be admitted into their Society, and be a Sharer in the Whole, and can't fail to get a considerable Estate in a few Years.

Here you are entangled again, if you embark yourself with them; and not only lose all the present Money you part with, but are in great Hazard to be drawn into future Bonds and Obligations, and consequently ruin'd at last.

Sir, I should trouble you, and my self, too long, if I should proceed to enumerate the respective  
*Rogueries*

*Rogueries* and *Tricks* of a *Setter*; and therefore I'll leave him with this short Character.

His whole Life is a compendious History of deep and deliberate Villany; his only Business, nay, even his Diversion, consists solely in Betraying and Trapping; his Food and Sustenance depends intirely upon Lying, Falshood and Perjury; In a Word, he has the Devil's Motto stamp'd upon him in large Characters, and is perpetually ranging to seek whom he may devour.

I come, in the last Place, to the *Hanger-on* or *Spunger*; and this is commonly a Sort of sottish, lazy Creature, tho' naturally not so dangerous and mischievous as the former, yet, as troublesome and impertinent, and indeed, a greater Clog to a Man of Sense than either of them.

He has little to recommend him, unless it be a few drunken Jests, or Scraps of Poetry, or perhaps some broken Characters of Men and Things, with a little of the News and Humours of the Town; and, by virtue of these mighty Qualifications, he fancies himself a Companion fit for the best Gentlemen in the Kingdom, and will be sure, upon the smallest Invitation to croud himself upon him if he meets any Encouragement; and 'tis ten to one but by Degrees he grows familiar, and after that impudent, and at last intolerable.

In one Point, indeed, he's a perfect Philosopher, he carries all he has along with him, and truly that's little enough too; his Furniture in general is so wretched and scandalous, that you may as soon learn a Spunger by his Garb, &c. as a Bully by his Cursing and Ribaldry, or a Setter by his Fawning and Diffimulation. A Bawdy Song or two, a few drunken Healths, and about half a Dozen dull Puns set him up; and with these he will be perpetually grating and dinning your Ears till he has  
worn

worn 'em as Threadbare as his Coat, and after all, must be forc'd to be laught or kick'd out of 'em before he will quit them too.

As for Money, he never has any, nor never pretends to any, unless it be now and then the Fragments of a Reckoning which he pinches from the Drawer, to heel-piece his Shoes, or recruit his Tobacco Box.

In short, these *Hangers-on* are *Drones* in the strictest Sense and Definition, and if you once suffer 'em to crawl into your Hive (to keep up to the Nature of the Insect) they'll be sure to besmear and disturb your Cell, devour your Honey, and in all Respects are as burdensome and pernicious to the Persons they can fasten themselves upon, as Drones and Wasps are to Bees, &c.

This Town swarms with this Sort of Insects, and a Country Gentleman can hardly set his Foot into it, but there are several of 'em come instantly humming and buzzing about him. I have given you already my Notion of Idleness; and I tell you again, in the Words of a great Man, *that 'tis so scandalous and reproachful, that neither Heaven, Earth, nor Hell it self will own or patronize it.*

How unreasonable then is it, I think I may say, *how infamous and unaccountable*, to pick up such loose and profitless Creatures, and take 'em into your Bosom, and make them your Companions. I am astonish'd when I see six or seven of them stalking before a Country Gentleman, and crowding themselves into all Company and Business along with him, sucking and spunging upon him, and, *in the literal Sense*, eating him up alive. Sir, I hope you will not misunderstand me, I am not diswading you against relieving and supporting distress'd Gentlemen in their Necessities,

No,



No, no, I would not have you defy the Example of that Liberality by whose Effects you live; but then I would not have you neither abuse the divine Precedent, by fostering a sort of vicious, sluggish Creatures, that with great Reason you ought to detest and reject, let 'em e'en sing their Requiems somewhere else, for you may depend upon it, that a Cry of these slow, deep-mouth'd Dogs, altho' they don't run so swift, will stick as close to the Scent, and as effectually hunt you to Death, as a Kennel of the fleetest Harriers or sharpest Fox-Hounds.

The last Thing I propos'd in this, was to make some short and general Reflections upon Gaming; they must be short and general indeed, for I find I have wasted so much of my Paper upon my *three last scurvy Subjects*, that I have only Room left for a very few Lines.

That the Original Design of Play or Gaming was Diversion and Recreation, I suppose we may take for granted; but since it has lost its native Property, and basely degenerated into a mechanical Trade and Occupation.

I'm afraid, as Cases stand, we have two other Titles that will suit it much better, *i. e.* Covetousness and Cheating; for what imaginable Cause can there be assign'd, but the flat Desire of Winning, that should induce Men to venture what they have, for what they have not; nay, that which they are afraid and unwilling to lose, for that which they're uncertain to gain.

This can be nothing but Covetousness; for if Covetousness was not the Grand Mover, there could not be the least Grounds or Pretence for *great and deep Gaming*; a Man may divert himself as well for a Shilling as for a Pound, and for a Pound as for a Thousand; and if that were all,

M

provided

provided it were not used immoderately, there would be no Harm in Gaming at all.

No, no, 'tis Covetousness, which tho' some of the more thinking Sort of Gamesters are ashamed to own, take off the Disguise, and you'll see the ugly Hag dress'd up in all her dismal Pomp of Wretchedness and Misery.

And then for Cheating; why, 'tis the *inseparable Qualification of a Gamester*. A Man has not only *blind Chance* to deal with (tho' that be but a very leaky, crazy Vessel for him to put to Sea in, upon such a dangerous Expedition) but *such a Combination of Deceit, and such a Chain of Tricks and Slights link'd together*, that even *good Fortune itself* is not sufficient to guard and secure him against them: So that a Gamester lies under a kind of Necessity to make himself *Master of the useful Art of Cheating*, that he may be upon the Level with the rest of his Fraternity.

And now, Sir, can there be any thing *more sordidly mean and base, and more exaltedly foolish*, than for a Man to practise a Profession, that does so naturally entitle him to two of the *worst Characters in the World*, i. e. *a Miser and a Cheat*.

To conclude, if, after all, a Man could arrive to the *highest Perfection* in this paltry Science, *Gaming and Cheating* have commonly a reflex'd Efficacy, and deceive none more than those that use them. Besides all this, what should it be, I wonder, that should incline a Gentleman of an Estate to take up such a Scoundrel Occupation: He'd be very loath to be stigmatiz'd with the exploded Name of a *Mechanick* in other Cases; and where the mighty Reason lies, he should submit to it in this is a Mystery, I profess, beyond my unravelling.

Well,

Well, Sir, let the Shipwreck'd Fortunes of Abundance of our young Adventurers be a Caution to you, how extreamly reproachful and hazardous it is to embark yourself in such a fatal Profession; a Profession, that at once exposes you to the *irreparable Loss of your Time*, the *endangering your Estate*, and to the *Forfeiture of your Reputation*, and *withal* is so much below the *Interest and Character of a Gentleman*.



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L E T T E R





## L E T T E R X V I.

*In which are particular Observations and Reflections upon several distinct Occurrences of the Town.*

S I R,



HAVE already led you through a dismal Wilderness, and briefly shewed you, what a Herd of wild Beasts and Monsters you must take your Range among, if your Resolution for the Town continues; and now I think it is high Time to wind up my Account. Indeed there are Abundance of other dangerous Occurrences that may well justify a severe Reprehension, but I shall only instance one or two more, and leave the Conviction these have receiv'd at the Tribunals of Reason and Experience to conclude the rest.

And first, for your Garb, you will find some of our City Gentry so ridiculously gaudy and extravagant, that comparatively, a Ship may be rigg'd for the *Indies* both as cheap and as easily; most of the Trades in the Commonwealth are some Way or other concerned in their Equipage, such a strange multiplying Faculty has this sort of Vanity, that it has improv'd Nature's simple Necessity of a Covering, the first Fig-Leaves (as it is phras'd by that excellent Author of the *Gentleman's Calling*) to such a luxuriant Growth, that those *Hercynean Oaks* which *Mela* tells such wonders of, are

are but a sort of Pigmy Plants in Comparifon of them.

But thefe are but a kind of Butterfly-Sparks, a few insignificant Infefts that flutter about Town for a Year or two, and are afterwards forced to crawl into Holes and Corners in a Drefs perhaps no lefs contemptible, wretched, and loathfome, than the former was gay, fullfome, and pedantick.

This is a Folly, indeed, that I cannot fufpect a Gentleman of your Senfe can be guilty of, and yet, vain and foolifh as it is, I could quote you a confiderable Number that have been undone by it, that have laid out their Eftate in a few gaudy Trappings, that they may make a Figure (as they call it) have at laft figur'd it fo long, 'till they have figur'd themfelves into Rags or a Prifon, and render'd them the Contempt and Laughing-Stocks of the whole Town.

Next to thefe, we have another Rank of unthinking Creatures, a fort of nice-palated Sparks, that nothing will go down with but Dainties and Curiofities; tell them of good Beef, Mutton, Veal, or any of our own Productions, which doubtlefs are the beft in the World, they will fwear they are all *Porters Fare*, and unlefs they are firft adulterated with fome ftudied Mixtures, and forced from their native Property by fome new and coftly Sauces, they are far too mean and common for their Tables.

Thefe, in the ftrictest Senfe, may be faid to incur the Vulture's Fate, *i. e.* to eat up themfelves; and truly fo it commonly falls out. I have known, within the Compafs of my own Experience, Abundance of thefe luxuriant Prodigals, that have fo long tantaliz'd themfelves with their delicious Morfels, that at length they have wanted Food convenient for the Support of Nature.

Others

Others we have, that affect the Reputation of making costly Treats and Entertainments; a hundred Pound is but a *mean Sum* to spend upon an *Evening's Collation for a Mistress or two, which perhaps do him the Favour after all but to laugh at him for his Prodigality.*

I heard a Fool myself (that is now shirking about Town, and will be glad of any body that will give him a Pot of Ale and a Roll and Cheese) bragging not many Months before, *That an Entertainment he made for three or four Ladies cost him six score Pounds.* Such Wretches, I think, are below all kind of Pity. I could almost *grudge* them *even the Husks* their Extravagance naturally confines them to, and wish them rather some Fate more remarkable, scandalous and durable, that might not only nauseate but fright the rest of the World from their Inadvertency.

There are several other Things that I could mention to you, that are no less dangerous than ridiculous; but, Sir, I can never suspect you should so evidently transplant your discerning Faculty from your Intellect to your Sense, to suffer yourself to be impos'd upon by any of these sort of Follies.

I beseech you not to mistake me, I abhor all Sourness or Singularity, and heartily allow of a decent Garb, and a genteel, friendly Entertainment upon Occasion, they are equally necessary and commendable in a Gentleman. And indeed, so long as they are kept within the true Rules of Sobriety and Moderation, are very highly consistent, not only with his Character but his Interest.

I could make a great many just Reflections (if it were necessary) upon those whose vain and lavish Humours have inclined them to squander away their Estates in such insignificant Trifles; but I am sure a haughty, extravagant Mind must feel Smart enough without any additional Aggravations; it  
must



must needs be a most embittering Consideration, a Consideration that advances the Affliction, beyond that of a more innocent Poverty, as much as the Pain of an envenom'd Arrow exceeds that of another.

Besides all the more remote Dangers and Inconveniencies I have already mentioned, there are still two others, which you are the most nearly concerned to guard yourself against; the first is against Innovations and Unsettledness in your Religion; and the second against embarking yourself in Cabals, and Confederacies in Matters belonging to the State and Government.

We have Temptations and Tempters too, of all Sorts at *London*, great Numbers of Persons that make it their Business to snap up Strangers, and watch all Occasions to try if they can impose any of their Trumpery upon them.

Here the Papiests, Presbyterians, Quakers, Independants, Anabaptists, &c. have all their Party-Men abroad to endeavour the gaining Profelytes; and truly 'tis great odds, but some of them attempt to seduce you: But then I am confident you are so thoroughly grounded in the Principles of your own Church and Religion, that they can never make any Advances upon you: However, a kind Caution can do you no Harm, if you should never have any Occasion to make Use of it.

Then for caballing and embarking yourself with Parties and Factions, 'tis a dangerous bewitching Thing, and so many worthy Gentlemen have been ruin'd by it, that I think 'tis utterly needless to descend into Particulars. I'm sure it ought to be Matter of the saddest Reflection to all who have been any way involved in it. It being a most dreadful Account that they will at last have to make, for  
being

being the unhappy Authors of such miserable Disorders.

But, Sir, I will not spend more of your Time in these (I hope) needless Observations and Reflections; you'll doubtless soon perceive from the stupendious Fate of vast Multitudes; how you are to order yourself in these several Particulars, and to them I refer you for your full and ample Satisfaction.



L E T T E R



## LETTER XVII.

*Wherein he first directs him in the Disposal of his Estate in his Absence, and gives him some general Cautions and Advice how to manage himself in Town.*

S I R,



HAVING drawn you a rough Draught of the Men and Things of the Town, I presume you will pardon it among the rest of my Impertinencies, if by way of Conclusion, I trouble you once more with a few short and general Directions how to dispose of your Estate in your Absence, and of yourself when you come to *London*: The former is as essentially necessary as the latter, and if you fail in either, I can see nothing in the Reverse of your Expedition but flat Ruin and Destruction.

As for the Disposal of your Estate, 'tis the grand Basis upon which all the rest of your Affairs must move; so that unless you leave that both under a faithful as well as a prudent Managery, let your Success in Town be what it will, you will have but a bad Return for your Venture in the winding-up; but then the grand Query is, how this may be settled with the most Ease and Conveniency to your self, the least Trouble to your Friends and Servants,

N

and



and the greatest Satisfaction and Advantage to all your Tenants, Neighbours and Dependants.

In order to which, I think, in the first Place, it will be highly necessary for you to be your own Auditor, to take a montly Survey of your respective Accounts, and to ballance your Expences with your Receipts, and to square and proportion 'em both according to the true Value and Nature of your Revenue.

'Tis true, some of our high-bred Gentry look upon this as a Reflection upon their Character, and that the Oversight of their Estates is not only a Business too burthensome, but likewise too mean for 'em. What Reasons they can give for it, I must confess, I'm a Stranger to.

Methinks, it should be rather a Divertisement, and a proper and advantageous Method for them to dispose of those spare Hours, whose Emptiness would become their Load, and probably of no small Pain and Cost, and perhaps Inconvenience too.

Next to this, your Business will be to procure an honest ingenious Man for a Steward, a Person that will neither be tempted by *Avarice* or *Interest*, or seduc'd by *Necessity*, to betray your Concerns or imbezzle your Effects; he should be neither sour in his Conversation, nor imperious in his Behaviour, not bitter nor pressing upon your Tenants, and yet watchful and sedulous to keep them within the moderate Bounds of their Leases and Agreements; and withal, careful to restrain them from running too far in Arrears, which commonly terminates not only in the Ruin of themselves, but in the manifest Loss and Inconvenience of the Landlord.

A Steward should be a Person (if you can find such a one) that is remarkable for the *discreet Government of himself and his own Affairs*, he ought  
to

to be a tolerable Master of Accompts, and well skill'd in the useful Art of Husbandry, and in the Manner of Country Dealing and Commerce; but above all, he should be abstracted from all manner of Selfishness and mercenary Designs, and be acted purely by true Principles of Love, Justice, and Gratitude.

Next to him, a provident House-keeper will be extreamly requisite, and she, indeed, should have most of the Qualifications of the Steward; she should be discreet and faithful, affable, modest, meek and compassionate; she should be free from the little Vanities of Gossiping and Talebearing, too common to her Sex.

Your House should be her only Empire, and the calm and peaceful Government of it, her highest Ambition; she should have no Ends, nor, indeed, no Business of her own, to disturb or take her off, but be constantly vigilant to observe and restrain the Irregularities of the Family, and not more neither, by her Advice and Reproof, than by the Precedent of her own Calmness, Decency and Moderation.

Besides these, you'll want an industrious Gardener and a careful Groom, the one to take Care of your Fruit and Flowers, and to preserve your Walks and Arbours from running to Ruin and Disorder; and the other to manage and regulate your Horses, &c.

Now, if you could thus equip your self, which, I confess, will be very difficult for you to do, you'd be however secure, that when you have tir'd your self with the Follies and Vanities of the Town (which I believe, or at least hope, will be in a very little Time) your Affairs in the Country are in a good Posture, and thither you can return and rest your self, out of the Reach of the Hurry and Impertinence of it.

And, now Sir, the next Thing will be to manage *your self* with Advantage and Security *when you come to Town*. I have shew'd you already the Rocks that you are in most Danger to split upon, and the Vices, Follies and Dangers, which, as a Gentleman and a Stranger, you are perpetually liable to be encountred with; and because my present Design hath made them my peculiar Province, I shall wave all others, and only address myself to you for a Conclusion, in a passionate Admonition and Request or two, which I presume you will either grant or pardon, if not both.

And first, I passionately advise and request you not to plunge your self into the Society of Strangers. I have told you that before, and I must tell it you again, and indeed I can never tell it you too often, that the Generality of the Mischiefs of this Town are deriv'd to us upon that Account.

Secondly, let me again admonish you not to take Men and Things upon Trust, but first to weigh 'em soberly and deliberately, to bring 'em Home to the Tribunal of your own Reason, Conscience and Experience, before you pass your Judgment or make your Option.

This Town is sway'd purely by a Spirit of Falshood and Contradiction, or what's as bad, by Spite, Faction or Interest; so that if you take Things nakedly, without comparing them with the natural Rules of Truth and Probability, you lie open to be impos'd upon by an endless Repetition of Falshoods and Impositions.

Mr. Cowley's Wish lies always before you; *a few Friends, and a few Books, and both true and well chose*, are all you want, and indeed, your only proper and acceptable Companions for this Town.

To sum up all, I hope you will not esteem it an uncivil Address, to put you in mind of your Character,



Character, by your Birth, Education, and by your Estate too; you are a Gentleman, and then I think I need not tell you what it is that is your most adorning Accomplishment; 'tis Virtue, Sir, and 'tis that and nothing else can add a Lustre to your Title. 'Tis *that alone* can refine and sublimiate your Pleasures, and give a long and glorious Splendor to your Quality,

*London,*  
*October 16, 1746.*

Farewel.



T H E



T H E

*Country Gentleman's*

R E P L Y.

**W***H*O can resist the Wounds from such a Dart?  
 Your Kindness, Sir, has pierc'd my very  
 Heart,

*First to advise, then gently to reprove,  
 Denotes your Friendship much, but more your Love.  
 But that which I admire above the rest,  
 Distance nor Time han't worn me from your Breast.*

*Well, you have gain'd your Point, and I agree,  
 Yon scurvy Town is not a Place for me.  
 No, Sir, yo've kindly taught me to be wise,  
 I loath it now, my Country Life I prize.*

*Beyond the Compass of my native Grange  
 I rarely, very rarely mean to range.  
 There I breathe free, have all I wish but you,  
 And, for a Mess, another Friend or two;  
 Had I but that, in Triumph I'd retire,  
 And leave your City Toys for Boys and Fools  
 t'admire.*

*Come*

*Come then, my Friend, for you shall lead the Way,  
Make haste, I grow impatient by your Stay.  
We'll go together, and then you and I  
Can teach each other how to live and die.  
We'll take our Turns, 'till we at last improve  
These dismal Vales into a pleasant Grove.  
Come then, I dare you now to a Retreat,  
Come, take your Share of my poor homely Seat;  
'Tis true, there's nothing there that I can boast,  
Beside the friendly Welcome of your Host.  
My House is plain, but 'tis convenient too,  
Just fit to entertain another Friend and you.  
My Orchards and my Gardens, these indeed,  
Something I may, and yet not much exceed;  
My Park's too narrow to endure a Chace,  
Once in a Season I can kill a Brace;  
I have a Pond or two, which from a Brook that's  
nigh,  
I can o'erflow, or I can soon drain dry;  
But then I've one Thing, Sir, which you will love,  
A little, artless, melancholy Grove;  
There we may hear the Morning Lark rejoice,  
And now and then the mournful Turtle's Voice.*

*I have, beside, a little Pack of Hounds,  
Enough to hunt the Vermin from my Bounds.  
Some other Trifles too I have, which I  
Will either keep, or, if you please, throw by.  
But that which for all Wants shall make Amends,  
We'll live like Lovers, and we'll die like Friends.*

Adieu.

F I N I S.



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